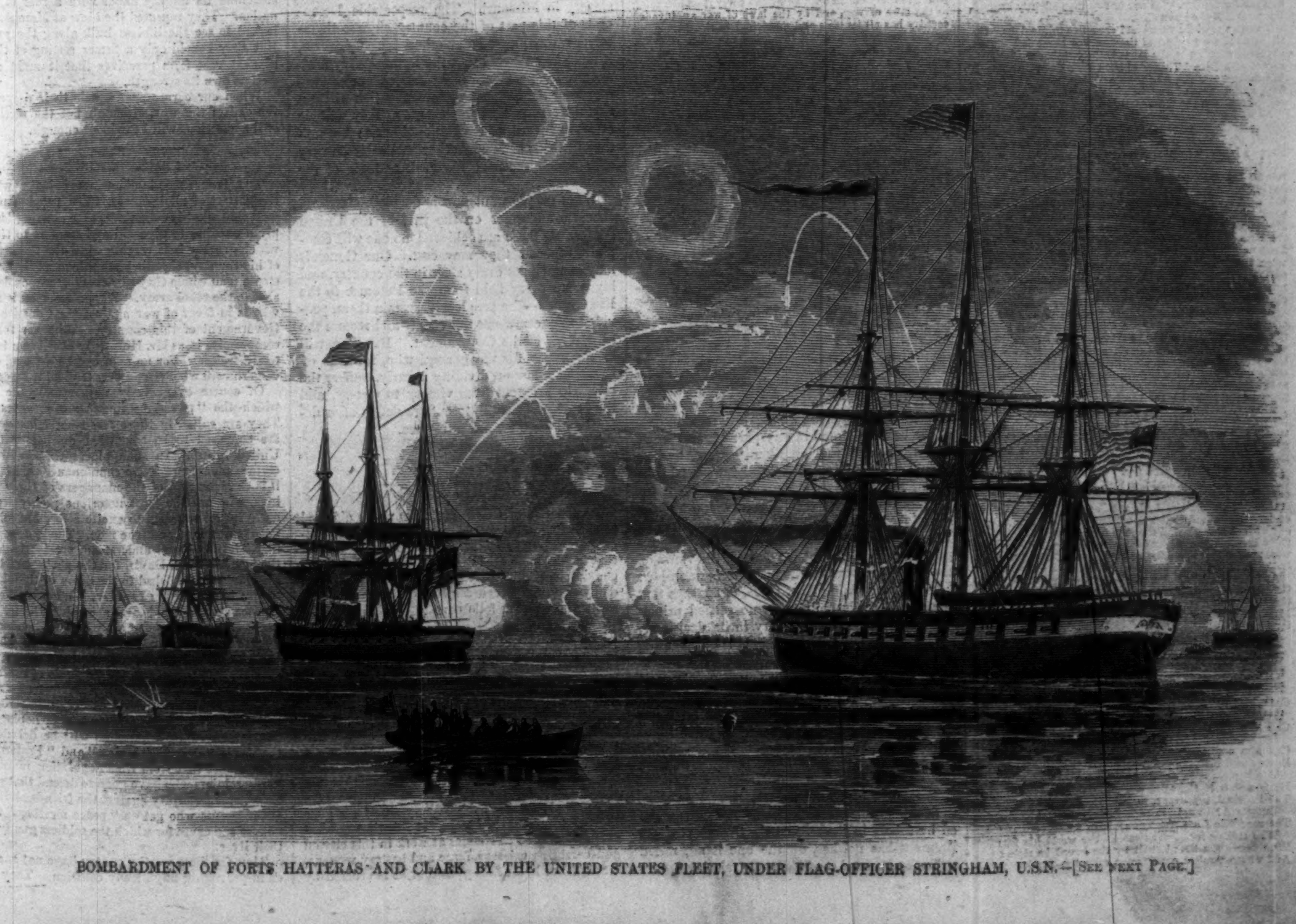
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 246.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOOMIS, OF BOSTON.]



BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK BY THE UNITED STATES FLEET, UNDER FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM, U.S.N.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CAPTURE OF HATTERAS FORTS.

We illustrate on pages 584 and 585 the Departure of General Butler's Expedition against Hatteras, and on the preceding page we give a View of the Bombardment, and Portraits of General Butler and Commodore Stringham.

The following account of this brilliant affair is from the report of the special reporter of the *Herald:*

The expedition, consisting of the frigates *Minnesota*, Commodore Stringham; *Wabash*, Captain Mercer; the gun-boats *Pawnee*, Captain Rowan; *Monticello*, Commander Gillis, and the *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, with the transports *Adelaide* and *George Peabody*, conveying troops to the number of about a thousand, left Fortress Monroe last Monday, and reached the rendezvous off Hatteras Inlet, fifteen miles below Cape Hatteras, on Tuesday morning, the *Minnesota* and *Wabash* coming in in the afternoon, and the *Cumberland* joined the fleet the same day.

Preparations were immediately made to land the troops the following morning, at which time the transports ran near the beach, two miles north of the Inlet, and, covered by the *Monticello*, *Harriet Lane*, and *Pawnee*, about three hundred men were landed through a heavy surf, the force consisting of Captain Larned's company of regular artillery, Captain Jardine's company Ninth New York, two companies of the Twentieth New York, with Colonel Weber and Lieutenant-Colonel Heiss; a detachment of marines from the frigates, under command of Majors Doughty and Shuttleworth, and a detachment of sailors from the *Pawnee*, under Lieutenants Crosby and Blue, with Drs. King and Jones.

The gun-boats swept the beach and neighboring copse of scrub oaks. All the boats being swamped and bilged in the surf, no more men could be thrown ashore. Meanwhile, the *Minnesota* and *Wabash*—the latter with the *Cumberland* in tow—steamed up to the front of one of the rebel batteries and took their position at long range.

At ten o'clock the *Wabash* fired the first gun, the eleven-inch shell striking near the battery and bursting with tremendous force. The battery, which was of sand, covered with turf and mounting five long thirty-twos, instantly returned the fire, the shot falling short. The *Minnesota* and *Cumberland* immediately opened fire and rained nine and eleven inch shells into and about it. The fire was terrific, and soon the battery's responses were few and far between, save when the frigates suspended fire for a while to get a new position, when the enemy's fire was most spirited.

No damage was sustained by our ships, and when they again took their position the cannonading was intensely hot, the shells dropping in the enemy's works or falling on the ramparts, exploding in death-dealing fragments, and carrying death and destruction with them. The small wooden structures about the fort were torn and perforated with flying shells. At eleven o'clock the immense flag-staff was shot away and the rebel flag came down, but the fire was still continued by them. At twelve o'clock the *Susquehanna* steamed in, and, dropping her boats astern, opened an effective fire. The cannonading on our part was incessant, and the air was alive with the hum and explosion of flying shells; but the enemy did not return the fire with any regularity, the battery being too hot for them, from the explosion of shells that dropped in at the rate of about half a dozen a minute.

The enemy ceased firing a little before two, and after a few more shells had been thrown in the Commodore signalized to cease firing.

The troops had meantime advanced to within a short distance of the fort, and before we ceased firing some of our men got in and raised the Stars and Stripes. The place was too hot for the men, but the flag was left waving. Coxswain Benjamin Sweares, of the *Pawnee's* first cutter, stood for some time on the ramparts waving the flag amidst a flight of shells.

When the firing ceased the fort was occupied in force, and held afterward.

The *Monticello* had proceeded ahead of the land force to protect them, and had reached the Inlet when a large fort of an octagon shape, to the rear and right of the small battery, mounting ten thirty-twos and four eight-inch guns, which had till then been silent, opened on her with eight guns, at short range. At the same instant she got aground, and stuck fast, the enemy pouring in a fire hot and heavy, which the *Monticello* replied to with shell sharply. For fifty minutes she held her own, and finally getting off the ground she came out, having been shot through and through by seven eight-inch shell, one going below the water-line. She fired fifty-five shell in fifty minutes, and partially silenced the battery. She withdrew at dusk for repairs, with one or two men slightly bruised, but none killed or wounded.

The escape of the vessel and crew was miraculous. Until this time we supposed the day was ours; but the unexpected opening of the large battery rather changed the aspect of affairs. Things did not look cheerful at dark. We had men ashore who were probably in need of provisions, and in case of a night attack no assistance could be sent them from the *Harriet Lane*.

As we lay close in shore we saw the bright bivouac fires on the beach with groups of men about them. The night passed without an alarm, the enemy, as we have since learned, lying on their arms all night, expecting an attack.

At early daybreak on Thursday the men went to quarters in the fleet, and at a quarter past eight, the vessels having borne down nearer than the previous day's position, the action began, the *Susquehanna* opening the day's work by a shell from one of the eleven-inch guns. The *Minnesota* and *Wabash* joined in immediately, and again the hum of shell and their explosion were heard. They fired nearly half an hour before the battery responded, when it answered briskly. Our fire was more correct than on the previous day. The range had been obtained, and nearly every shot went into the battery, throwing up clouds of sand and exploding with terrific effect.

At twenty-five minutes past ten the *Harriet Lane* opened fire, and soon after the *Cumberland* came in from the offing and joined in the attack. The *Harriet Lane*, with her rifled guns, did good execution, several projectiles from the eight-inch shell going into the battery, and one going directly through the ramparts. The fire was so hot that all of the enemy that could do so got into a bomb-proof in the middle of the battery.

Finally, at five minutes past eleven A.M., an eleven-inch shell having pierced the bomb-proof through a ventilator and exploded inside, near the magazine, the enemy gave up the fight and raised over the ramparts a white flag.

We immediately ceased fire. General Butler went into the Inlet, and landed at the fort, and demanded an unconditional surrender.

Commodore Barron, Assistant Secretary of the Confederate Navy, asked that the officers be allowed to march out with side-arms, and the men be permitted to return to their homes after surrendering their arms. These terms were pronounced inadmissible by General Butler, and finally the force was surrendered without condition.

Articles of capitulation were signed on the flag-ship by Commodore Stringham and General Butler on the part of the United States, and by Commodore Barron, Colonel Martin, and Major Andrews on the rebel side, and the latters' swords delivered up.

OUR BROTHER!

Call him not "Brother," whose unhallowed hand
 Hacks down the roof-tree of our common home!
Call him not "Brother," who, with sword and brand,
 Lays waste the heritage of our fatherland!
Call him not "Brother," who, 'mid cannon's boom,
Beats down old land-marks, shrouds in endless gloom
 The hapless ones his greed hath barr'd and bann'd!
He is a Cain! Cain-like must be his doom.
The Prodigal, repentant, may return?
 Repentant? Yes! Recusant—never! No!
The renegade from freedom all men spurn.
 Who strikes for slavery makes the world his foe:
Who draws the sword shall by the sword be slain:
And whoso "raises cane" must reap the hurricane.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 14, 1861.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

On Saturday, 31st August, Major-General Frémont, commanding at St. Louis, Missouri, issued a proclamation placing the whole State of Missouri under martial law, and further stating:

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; *and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free.*"

It has been stated by some of the papers that in thus pronouncing the emancipation of the slaves of rebels General Frémont was only carrying out the Act known as the Confiscating Act passed by Congress at the extra Session. An examination of that act will, however, show that its provisions do not warrant the step taken by the General. The only section in which any reference is made to slaves is the following:

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That whenever hereafter, during the present insurrection against the Government of the United States, any person claimed to be held to labor or service under the law of any State shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or by the lawful agent of such person, to take up arms against the United States; or shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or his lawful agent, to work or to be employed in or upon any fort, navy-yard, dock, armory, ship, intrenchment, or in any military or naval service whatsoever, against the Government and lawful authority of the United States, then, and in every such case, the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due shall forfeit his claim to such labor, any law of the State or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer to such claim that the person whose service or labor is claimed had been employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this act.

It thus appears that the only slaves who can be forfeited under this Act are those who have been "employed in hostile service against the United States Government;" whereas Major-General Frémont's proclamation grants freedom to the slaves of every rebel, whether they have been employed in military service or not. The General, therefore, has evidently based his action, not upon the law of Congress, but upon something else.

That something else is the war power, which is inherent in the Government, and is exercised by its delegated officers commanding the forces of the United States. What the nature of this war power is, and what it may do with slavery, may be gathered from the following extract from a speech delivered by ex-President John Q. Adams, in the House of Representatives, on April 14, 1842:

When your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and must carry it on according to the laws of war, and by the laws of war an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them. This power in Congress has perhaps never been called into exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. But when the laws of war are in force, what, I ask, is one of those laws? It is this, that when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory. Nor is this a mere theoretic statement. The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Columbia, first by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly by the Americal General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of a military command given at the head of the army, and its abolition continues to be law to this day. It was abolished by the laws of war, and not by municipal enactments.

I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions, under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil, or foreign, are wholly unfounded, and that the laws of war do, in all such cases, take the precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, slavery among the rest. Under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves.

John Quincy Adams thus held that, whenever a war grew out of slavery, martial law might be proclaimed in any part of the Union, and that such proclamation "swept by the board" all municipal and local laws establishing or recognizing slavery. It may seem superfluous to quote authorities in support of the assertions of so sound a jurist as Mr. Adams. We may mention, however, that he merely repeats, in the speech above quoted, the views of the recognized expounders of the common law. Sir Matthew Hale (Hist. C. L. c. 2), says that "martial law is built upon no settled principles, but is entirely arbitrary in its decisions; it is in truth and reality no law, but something rather indulged than allowed as a law." Blackstone quotes this passage (Comm., I. 413) and emphatically approves it; adding that in time of war court-martials have "almost an absolute legislative power." Modern jurists confirm these views, and admit that in actual warfare the powers of the general commanding are dictatorial.

We run no risk, therefore, in stating that, in decreeing the emancipation of the slaves owned by rebels in the State of Missouri, General Frémont has neither, on the one hand, relied upon the recent Act of Congress relating to confiscation, nor, on the other, exceeded the proper limits of his authority as General commanding. Under his proclamation of martial law, all state and municipal laws were at once suspended, and he, as commanding General, was practically invested with dictatorial powers over persons and property, for the just use of which powers he tacitly undertook to render account when martial law ceased to exist in his Department.

The direct consequences of his decree, so far as slavery in Missouri is concerned, can not be of much importance. Missouri does not contain 125,000 slaves, and of these considerably more than one half are believed to be held by loyal men. Moreover, under the terms of Frémont's proclamation, no slave can be emancipated until it is proved that his owner has been actually in arms, or laboring actively in aid of those who are in arms against the Government: a large number of slaves may thus be defrauded of emancipation through the want of evidence to establish the treason of their masters. It is doubtful whether 25,000 human beings will exchange slavery for freedom under the proclamation of General Frémont.

But its moral effect must be signal. It is a solemn warning to the inhabitants of the rebel States, that wherever the armies of the United States are resisted in the interests of slavery, the cause of the resistance will be removed. It is a pregnant hint that the rebels who have falsely accused us of being abolitionists may, if they choose, make their accusation true. It is a notification to Kentucky, which seems to be on the eve of explosion, that open treason will necessarily involve the extirpation of slavery. This rebellion has more than once recalled the old adage, "Those whom the Gods wish to destroy they first render mad:" we shall now see how far the madness extends. The cost of rebellion is abolition. Those who choose may purchase.

Another important result of General Frémont's proclamation has been the discovery of the fact that the people of the North are much more solidly united on the question of slavery than was imagined. It had been generally supposed that the first utterance of the cry of emancipation would divide the North into two hostile camps. How this strange delusion came to be entertained it is difficult to discover; the least reflection should have satisfied every one that it was impossible to build up at the North a party based on protection to slavery any where. But, however the notion originated, there is no doubt it did exist, and that leading men and journals in the confidence of the Administration were so thoroughly imbued with it, that they indignantly repudiated the imputation of being friendly to freedom under any circumstances. It seems, from the temper in which the public receive General Frémont's proclamation, that they are not so tender on the subject. They seem very well satisfied with the prospect. We hear no complaints, no lamentations over the downfall of slavery in Missouri. The respectable Democrats of this part of the country express themselves rather pleased than otherwise. Of course, it must be expected that the lottery-policy dealers and the profligate vagabonds who pretend to represent the Democracy in convention will testify their sorrow at the event, as they will do at every success of the National arms; but neither in this nor in any other particular do they express the sense of the rank and file of the Democracy.

What people want now is decided, startling, effective successes on the part of the United States. If these are achieved, no one will complain of what they may cost. Our Generals may emancipate every slave in the country, and lay waste every field from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—the people will sustain them, provided they crush out the enemy and restore the supremacy of the Government. But there will be no mercy for the general who, for fear of breaking a law or dividing a party, suffers the rebels to progress from victory to victory, and the Stars and Stripes to endure defeat after defeat, and disgrace after disgrace.

A CORRECTION.

In a notice of General M'Clellan, published in our paper of August 31, we did injustice to Colonel Delafield, United States Army, by stating that he had gone over to the rebels. This erroneous statement originally appeared in a city journal, and was promptly contradicted by Governor Morgan, who wrote as follows:

"Colonel Delafield reported to me for duty, by order of the Chief Engineer, General Totten, soon after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and *this* State and Country will be largely benefited by his valuable aid. There is not a more Union loving and supporting citizen living."

We now learn that the Colonel is still on duty with Governor Morgan, in addition to being charged with the Defenses at the Narrows, which are at this moment in active operation, progress being made with a large force on both Forts Richmond and Tompkins. We learn also that the Colonel has superintended the construction of a large supply of rifle field-artillery that have gone into service; and that he has at this time upward of three hundred mechanics at work in this city on gun-carriages, caissons, forge and battery wagons, for additional rifle field-guns that he is ordered by the Governor to have made without unnecessary delay. We also learn that the Colonel has found time to prepare Special Reports for the information of the Sanitary Commission.

We avail ourselves of this occasion to inform our readers of the recent distribution, by the Senate printer, of Colonel Delafield's report on the Art of War in Europe in 1854, '55, and '56—a work of great labor and research, and embellished by numerous graphic illustrations.

THE LOUNGER.

TALK BY THE WAY.

As all roads, according to the proverb, lead to Rome, so all conversation now ends in the war. We all ask each other anxiously how we feel today, and the fluctuations of emotion are curious to observe. The public mind is as sensitive as a mirror. Each breath of doubt tarnishes it. An unhappy glance makes it unhappy. A cheerful face cheers the foolish reflector. On the bluest Monday, if a man persistently carries a smile in his eye and a spring in his voice, the gloomiest circle of friends, which has just demonstrated the inevitability of national destruction, revives and takes heart, and suddenly sees that things are not half so bad as they were an hour before. On the other hand, a skillful array of the dismal statistics, which every war must needs present, clouds the well-meaning soul that was trying to be cheerful, and all is utterly hopeless and forlorn.

Petted and cockered by peace for two generations, we come very slowly to believe that we must really fight. In order to secure unfading gold in our harvest fields, those fields must be changed into camps, and we do not like it. When we see it plainly, we shall do it cheerfully and effectually. Meanwhile we look in wonder and doubt. We listen for the guns from Western Virginia; for Frémont's orders; for M'Clellan's bugle. Suppose that bugle should sound a retreat to the Susquehanna. The strain would bring every loyal man to its banks.

There is no mistake so great as the supposition that another Manassas would end this war. End it! Why, we should only then fully perceive that we are fighting. Like the Catholic priest who said that he could never really work for his Church until the Pope, under a misapprehension, had excommunicated him—like the old sailor who, when the waves hiss and the winds roar, and the ship plunges on in chaotic gloom, smiles as he takes the helm, and turns his tough face to the storm, so the *quality* of our race, the fine fibre of our manhood, would rise to meet our fate, and twist it to our good fortune.

If it were possible that a defeat or two could seriously harm us, we should never have fought. For that would show such a fatal inward rottenness that the conspiracy would have been unresisted. That was the very thing upon which the rebel leaders counted. They believed that the poisonous breath of slavery, which a great political party and the whole country had breathed so long, had corrupted the very sources of our national vitality, and that the seemingly vigorous frame would crumble under a rigorous blow. They dealt the blow at Sumter. The smoke cleared away, and they saw that frame stretching its giant thews and clenching its mighty hands with a roar of indignation. They repeated the blow at Manassas, and looked to see the lifeless hulk along the ground. But they behold only a firmer setting of the lip, as that vast form perceives that it must use as well as own its strength.

When our earnestness equals their desperation the end of the war, although not the settlement of the question, will be evident enough.

PEACE MEETINGS.

The "peace meeting" business is just now about the flattest of all business. The people know so well that what is called a "peace meeting" is simply a meeting to give aid and comfort to the war which Jeff Davis is waging upon the Government of his country, that they stop them as they would stop a man whom they saw sending off powder and shot to the rebel army. A "peace" man is a man who is in favor of war against the Constitutional Government of this country. Whoever talks of compromise is, as Mr. Holt truly called him in Boston, a traitor. For no man can be a friend of the Government which he advises to yield to an enemy.

Of course every body understands the work which the "peace meetings" are meant to do. They are called in those few small places which are supposed to be somewhat disaffected to the United States. In such places there will be a certain number ready to countenance treason, and it is the intention of the managers of these meetings, who are the most notorious political profligates in the country, to excite a forcible collision between traitors and true men. The "peace meetings," let it be well understood, are instigated by the agents of Jeff Davis, for the purpose of bringing war and bloodshed to the doors of the hitherto happy homes of the country. Whoever helps a "peace meeting" aids and abets Jeff Davis. If a man goes to such an assembly because he sincerely prefers peace to war, let him ask himself who has broken the peace, and then whether the way to secure peace is to yield to the demands of those who do not hesitate to break it to gain their own ends.

The Davis agents resort to the rural districts for their experiments in aiding treason, hoping that the quiet farming population will be deluded by the words "Peace," "Union," and "Fraternity." They forget that from that population march the hardy soldiers who have gone to defend that peace, union, and fraternity against the friends and allies of the agents who get up "peace meetings" to denounce the cause for which the soldiers gladly offer their lives.

Thus far these worthy gentry have not succeeded in provoking any bloody collision. They have

generally heard in advance the roar of the coming storm of popular indignation, and have hastened to postpone the gathering *sine die.* When they have persevered the people in overpowering numbers have taken the matter in hand. The neighborhood has cleaned up its own dirt. Mr. Davis's agents have been permitted to depart with a hiss of contempt from the people they would betray into the enemy's hands. The other day, in Middletown, New Jersey, however, one of these men was saved from sharp popular punishment only by the aid of the United States Marshal. The little meeting of traitors he expected to address suddenly turned into a vast concourse of patriots. Instead of resolving that Jeff Davis, or any body else who chose, was justified in firing upon the national flag and the citizens defending it, whenever he pleased, these sons of noble sires in Monmouth, one of the most sacred of revolutionary names,

"*Resolved,* That we, the people of Middletown, in this great crisis of our nation do not recognize any political parties.

"*Resolved,* That we consider this war a traitorous rebellion against constitutional government; and

"*Resolved,* That we are ready to support the Administration in carrying on this war, to the extent of our means in both men and money."

So say you, Gentlemen of Monmouth; so say all loyal citizens in the land.

TREASON "IN THE COUNTRY."

A friend "in the country" extenuates the action of the Democratic Committee in this State, in its effort to maintain a separate party organization in the face of the enemy, on the ground that at a time like this there is peculiar need of "watchful opposition" against the possible negligence or corruption in the management of affairs.

But party organization defeats that very end. Party organization looks only for flaws, seeks only to embarrass, and treats the defense of the Government as the policy of a party. That is precisely the political hope of "party" in this State to-day. It aims to represent the action of the Administration as an effort to maintain the Chicago platform. Its speakers and papers, where they are not hushed, denounce the Administration as undermining or transcending the Constitution. The "party" action in this State follows the lead of Breckinridge and Vallandigham in Congress; and complacently shuts its eyes to the treason of Davis, while it opens them wide with horror at what is called the unconstitutional or extra-constitutional policy of the President.

This Government is to be defended and saved by this Administration, or not at all. The whole body of loyal citizens in the country, therefore, are those who are most interested in detecting and denouncing the corruption or delay of the Administration. To endeavor to maintain an ancient party organization for that purpose is palpably to aid the enemy.

The personal and private characters of gentlemen in the position of chairmen of political committees are, of course, not discussed in these columns. But their political character and actions are; at least in these times when the interest of public affairs absorbs all other. We have no hesitation then in saying that the course of Mr. Dean Richmond and his sympathizers is a purely partisan and not a patriotic course; that it looks to the dominance of their party, and not to the unconditional maintenance of the Government; nor can any sensible man forget that the leaders of the rebellion, both in the late Administration and at the South, were fellow-partisans of the managers who are now trying to manipulate the demand of unconditional, into conditional, surrender of the rebels.

Mr. Richmond insists, in his call, that the vigorous prosecution of the war shall be accompanied with "the most liberal proffers of peace." What does that mean? The Government is suppressing an insurrection. When the rebels surrender, peace is of course restored. Does Mr. Richmond mean that they are to have peace before they surrender? He insinuates that the Government have some unfair ulterior purpose. Is that called patriotism "in the country?"

He invites all "who seek the restoration of the Union by extending equal justice to all the States" to come to his convention. He means by that that the Government intends unequal justice to some States, or the remark would be nonsense. Is that called patriotism at this time "in the country?"

He says that those who think sectionalism at the North, etc., has caused the war, may come to his convention. But is there any body in the land who does not know that this war springs from the defeat of the effort of Southern politicians to extend the dominion of slavery throughout the country? And could there be a more absolute Southern sectionalism? Does such a call tend to unite public opinion heartily, and is that also called patriotism "in the country?"

The truth is, that, next to the services of Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Vallandigham, Mr. Davis would gratefully acknowledge those of Mr. Dean Richmond and Company, in trying to divide public sentiment at the North by inspiring distrust of the intentions of the Administration, and by keeping alive all old party jealousies. If that course is called patriotism "in the country," it is distinguished from treason, as varioloid is from small-pox, in the city. And if it be known "in the country," as it is in the city, that every secessionist in the State *who* votes at the next election will vote for the ticket which the partisan Democratic Convention nominates, what other proof is wanted of the real significance of that ticket?

THE IRISH AND THE WAR.

Thanks to their bravery and endurance, and thanks also to the warm Irish heart and loud Irish tongue, the "Sixty-Ninth" have justly received a full share of the laurels which fall to those who fought well, even if at last defeated, at Bull Run. The return of the regiment was a festival. The unflagging ardor of the soldiers sends almost all of them, and still other regiments of their countrymen, back to the field. They have fought well. They always fought well. Wellington knew it and said it in Spain. They have well served the country they have so wisely chosen, and of whose eclectic nationality their race will form a part.

They have had a festival of their own for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Sixty-Ninth, at Jones's Wood. The day was beautiful: the place was charming: the crowd was immense. There are said to have been seventy thousand persons on the grounds. Captain Thomas Francis Meagher was the orator, and his words fell upon the huge mass of people like sparks upon tinder. The crowd blazed with enthusiasm. The orator was never more florid, fiery, and felicitous: and of all the speeches he has made in this country none is so truly direct and sensible as the one he poured into the open ears, and eyes, and mouths, and hearts of the great assembly of his country men at Jones's Wood.

Mr. Meagher, and doubtless he spoke for the vast majority of his countrymen who are American citizens, took the simplest, most patriotic, and most manly ground. He declared that the National Government has suffered more from its own patience and magnanimity than from the desperation and preparation and ability of the conspiracy. He asserted that "the masked conspirators of the North" are more criminal than the armed rebels of the South. He avowed himself a Democrat, a man who disagreed with the political views of the present Administration, but, for himself, he said, "the honor and glory of the National flag are of infinitely higher value than the Regency at Albany, the Tammany Wigwam, Mozart Hall, or the Pewter Mug." He said that all American citizens who hail from Ireland had taken an oath of loyalty not to New York, nor to Alabama, nor to Massachusetts, nor to Florida or Kansas, not to any State, but to all the States. He did not spare the aristocracy of England, whose enmity to our Government he thought ought to be reason enough for every Irishman to defend it to the last; and Captain Meagher retired amidst tremendous and enthusiastic cheering.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Scotch cattle dealer, at Clones fair, was asked by a countryman to do him a favor. "You see that woman," said he, "on the sidewalk. Well, I've offered her five pound ten for her cow, but she won't sell. Now if you, a stranger, should offer her five pound fifteen, she would sell, but would not sell to me for that. Will you be kind enough to take this half-crown and bind the bargain with it; and I will then pay the money and take the cow." The good-natured cattle dealer effected the purchase as requested, and then turned to find the countryman; but the latter was gone. He was forced to take the cow himself and pay for her, though she was not worth half the money he had thus bid to oblige the missing countryman. It was afterward ascertained that the woman was the countryman's wife, and they had thus managed to sell their cow to good advantage.

A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse the Frenchman gave a favorable reply; but always commenced his commendation with the deprecatory remark, "He's not look ver good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge for himself without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him. A few days afterward he returned to the seller in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is de mattaire?" said the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee, "matter enough—the horse can't see! He is as blind as a bat!" "Ah," said the Frenchman, "vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he vas not look ver good—be gar, I don't know if he look at all!"

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conunderfum: suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky shut wid a cork; how would you get the whisky out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gives dat up." "Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first denotes company,
My second shuns company,
My third assembles company,
My whole amuses company.

Co-nun-drum (conundrum).

My first a baby does when you pinch it,
My second a lady says when she does not mean it,
My third exists and no one e'er has seen it,
My whole contains the world's best half within it.

Cri-no-line (crinoline).

Why are dogs and cats like schoolmasters and their pupils?

Because one is of the canine (caning), and the other of the feline (feeling) species.

If a pig had to build himself a house, how would he do it?

He would tie a knot in his tail, and then he would have a pigsty (pig's-tie).

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing cabs and omnibuses.

What is that which goes from New York to Harlem without moving?

The road.

Why is love like a potato?

Because it shoots from the eyes, and grows less by paring (pairing).

At what place in England, and when, was Napoleon jealous of the Empress?

When he saw her in the Bricklayer's Arms (Station).

My first I hope you are,
My second I see you are,
And my whole you always shall be.

Well-come (welcome).

Why is an old hen walking toward Whitehall like the Gunpowder Plot?

Because it is a foul (fowl) proceeding toward Parliament.

My first the men will sometimes take
Entirely for my second's sake,
My whole they vainly all declare
Is more than mortal man can bear.

Miss-fortune (misfortune).

Among novelties why is a dog's tail the greatest?

Did you ever see it before?

Which would you soonest have, a five-pound note or five sovereigns?

A five-pound note, for when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you see it in creases.

Why is a wainscoted room like a reprieve?

Because it saves hanging.

Why are parish churches like ladies?

Because there is no living without them?

Why are pioneers sent before an army?

To ax (ask) the way.

AN ARTISAN'S ATTEMPT AT ALLITERATION.

(To be read only by lisping young Ladies and Gentlemen.)

Some sweet simple spinsters stray'd, scanning some stream
(So simple, so sweet, scarcely single should seem).
Said Susan—"Sophia! soon some sighing swain
Shall sing Sister Sally some sweet-hearting strain,
Serenading so sweetly, shall strike some such string,
Sister Sally shall skip, Sister Sally shall sing."

He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the shoes of another mostly goes on a bootless errand.

"Halloo, Sam, so you've got to work again?" "No, Jim—nare a job yet!" replied Sam. "Then what are you doing filing saws?" "Filing saws, Jim? Why, I han't been filing any thing!" "What was you doing a minute ago as I come in?" "Nothing, only sitting here and singing." "Singing? Was you singing?" "Yes." "Oh, that's it, then," replied Jim, with an innocent air, "I thought you was filing a saw."

A teacher of music was once instructing Mademoiselle Desmatius in the part of *Medea;* but the latter sung without expression, and infused into her music little of the emotion it called for. In the third act of the opera occurs a passage where Medea, abandoned by her lover, gives way to the expression of her anguish. After several lessons upon this passage, the teacher said to the scholar, "Give way to your feelings! Put yourself in the place of the betrayed woman! If you were forsaken by a man whom you loved passionately, what would you do?" "Why, I should get another lover as soon as possible." "If that is the case, we are both losing our time here," answered the teacher.

There are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," and the "Cants." The former effect every thing, the other oppose every thing, and the latter fail in every thing.

A couple of sailors were recently arrested in Plymouth for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.

King Alcohol falls when his advocates attempt to support him, and they fall when he attempts to support them.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

The following Proclamation was issued on 31st ult., at St. Louis:

"Head-quarters of the Western Department,
"St. Louis, *August* 31, 1861.

"Circumstances, in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State. Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authority, the total insecurity of life, and the devastation of property by bands of murderers and marauders who infest nearly every county in the State and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify private and neighborhood vengeance, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder, finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State. In this condition the public safety and the success of our arms require unity of purpose, without let or hindrance, to the prompt administration of affairs.

"In order, therefore, to suppress disorders, to maintain as far as now practicable the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend, and declare established, martial law throughout the State of Missouri. The lines of the army of occupation in this State are for the present declared to extend from Leavenworth by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi River.

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free.

"All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed, after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges, or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

"All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring aid to the enemies of the United States, in disturbing the public tranquillity by creating and circulating false reports or incendiary documents, are in their own interest warned that they are exposing themselves.

"All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are required to return to their homes forthwith; any such absence without sufficient cause will be held to be presumptive evidence against them.

"The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But it is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner and with their customary authority, while the same can be peaceably exercised.

"The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for their safety hopes to obtain not only the acquiescence, but the active support of the people of the country. J. C. Fremont,
"Major-General Commanding."

EXPECTED ATTACK ON JEFFERSON CITY.

It is stated positively that Ben M'Culloch is marching on Jefferson City with ten thousand men, and warm work is anticipated shortly. It is believed that the Union forces are well disposed to repel such an attack as this is reported to be. There are 12,000 of our forces at Cairo and Bird's Point; 4000 at Cape Girardeau; 8000 near Ironton; 5000 at Sulphur Spring; 5000 at Jefferson City, Lexington, and Kansas City; 7000 at Rolla; and 20,000 to 30,000 at St. Louis.

TRAVEL STOPPED AT ST. LOUIS.

Following the declaration of martial law in Missouri by General Frémont, Provost-Marshal M'Kinstry has issued an order forbidding any person passing beyond the limits of St. Louis without a special permit from his office; and railroad, steamboat, ferry, and other agents are prohibited from selling tickets to any one not holding a proper pass. Communication with the enemy is thus rendered somewhat difficult.

AFFAIRS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

The neighborhood of Fortress Monroe appears to be the scene of much naval activity in the absence of important military movements in that direction. A small rebel tugboat, mounted with rifled cannon, ran out from Norfolk the other morning to within two miles and a half of Newport News, and fired twenty-three shots at the United States frigate *Savannah* without doing any damage. As soon as the guns of the frigate were brought to bear on her she ran out of range, and fired two shells, one at the *Seminole,* and another in the direction of the Rip-Raps, after which she got under cover at Sewall's Point.

ROSECRANS ALL RIGHT.

The War Department has received dispatches from General Rosecrans which set at rest all doubts as to his safety. He expresses his confidence in being able to hold his position against any force which the rebel leaders are likely to send against him.

EXCITEMENT AT WHEELING.

There was great excitement in Wheeling, Virginia, on 31st. A dispatch was received from Fairmount, Marion County, to the effect that the secessionists in the back country were rising in great numbers and marching upon the town to burn it and tear up the railroad track. Wheeling was at once in a state of wild activity; drums beat, the Home Guard and volunteer citizens hastily prepared to set out to the aid of their menaced brethren, and in a short time a full train set off. It was feared that the rising would be extensive, and it was thought that it had some connection with the plans of General Lee.

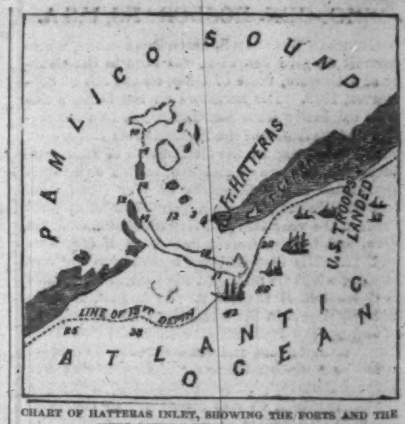


CHART OF HATTERAS INLET, SHOWING THE FORTS AND THE SHIPS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

HOW THE REBELS RAISE MONEY.

The Treasury and Tax Act passed by the rebel Congress for the purpose of raising funds for the prosecution of the rebellion has just been published in some of the Southern journals, and it is strongly commended by them. The first section authorizes the issue of Treasury notes to the amount of $100,000,000, redeemable six months after peace; and makes them a legal tender in the payment of Government taxes and other duties, except the export tax on cotton. The second section provides for the issue of $100,000,000 of Confederate bonds, payable in twenty years. These bonds are to be sold in effect only for specie or military stores or foreign bills of exchange. They bear 8 per cent. interest, and the interest is payable semi-annually. The third section gives the holders of Treasury notes the option of exchanging said notes for Confederate bonds whenever they may choose thus to invest. The fourth section provides a war tax on all persons owning more than $500, of fifty cents in the hundred dollars. This tax is for the purpose of supporting the Government and of providing for paying the principal and interest of the public debt.

SUBMISSION OF EAST TENNESSEE.

The *Herald* says: "East Tennessee has at last been forced to succumb to the doctrine of secession, through the influence of threats and banishments. Thomas A. R. Nelson, who was elected by the Union men to the United States Congress, gave in just in time to save his neck from the halter in Richmond; and Parson Brownlow, with his Knoxville *Whig,* stood out until the bowie-knife was brandished above his head, when he, to save his property and his family, consented to support the rebel Zollicoffer and the traitor Governor Harris. The election on the 1st ult. showed that there were twenty-six thousand two hundred and thirty-two unconditional Union men in that section of the State, being a clear majority of eleven thousand over the secessionists, and we can not think it possible that the sudden change which is reported to have taken place there has any foundation in sincerity."

REIGN OF TERROR AT MEMPHIS.

The business of impressment is carried on in Memphis, and a regular press-gang organized. In many cases, says the Memphis *Avalanche,* acts of barbarity have been perpetrated, and not unfrequently have farmers, who were in the city on business, been seized, as well as heads of families whose wives and children depended entirely upon them for support. To such an extent has this barbarous practice been carried that the Council of the city have become alarmed, and appointed a committee to confer with the Archbishop, Major-General Polk, upon the subject.

SEIZURES UNDER THE CONFISCATING ACT.

The revenue department of this city displayed an unusual activity on 1st inst., which created no little surprise among the officials, who were suddenly ordered to assemble at a given hour for immediate and mysterious service. It was stated a few days ago that clearances for the port of Matamoras, in Northern Mexico, were no longer to be granted by the Collector of this port, inasmuch as goods and provisions for the rebels were being transported there, and thence transferred across the frontier to the rebel State of Texas. In accordance with this order the Surveyor of the port seized or put under surveillance no less than forty-five vessels at the different wharves, loaded with merchandise, and some of them cleared for Matamoras, while others had obtained clearances for other ports, but are suspected of being destined for Matamoras, and held upon that presumption.

ATTEMPTED SECESSION MEETING IN JERSEY.

The attempt last week to hold a meeting for Compromise and Peace, was frustrated by the uprising of the indignant communities of Middletown, Keyport, Red Bank, and the region round about, who organized a large mass meeting at Middletown, and passed a series of patriotic resolutions. Mr. Silas B. Dutcher, of this city, was present by invitation, and delivered a stirring speech, which was received with wonderful enthusiasm. Mr. Thomas Dunn English, who had purposed addressing the White-Feather fraternity, was roughly handled by the crowd, and had to be locked up by United States Marshal Deacon to save him from lynching. Not less than 2000 of the most respectable citizens of Monmouth were present, full one-half of whom were of the Democratic party.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CONFEDERACY NOT TO BE RECOGNIZED.

The Government has received dispatches from Minister Adams, which set at rest, for the present at least, the question of interference by the British Government in the affairs of the United States. He does not think any change of policy is intended so long as the blockade is continued.

COTTON SUPPLY.

The Secretary of the Cotton Supply Association has given the result of his interview with the Viceroy of Egypt, and his impressions as to the productive capacity of that country. He believes that the growth of cotton may be increased to an unlimited extent; and that English capitalists should liberally assist the enterprise. The Nicaraguan Embassador in London offers a free grant of land in Nicaragua to settlers who propose to raise cotton.

ITALY.

CIALDINI TO ENTER ROME.

The *Indépendance Belge* asserts that the French Government had ordered General Goyon not to oppose the entrance of General Cialdini and his troops into the Papal territory should the necessity of war require it.

MISS HOSMER AT WORK.

A letter from Rome, in the London *News,* says that Miss Harriet Hosmer, of whom America is justly proud, has completed her fine colossal statue of Colonel Benton, to be erected in bronze at St. Louis, when it shall have been cast by the Munich foundry, to which the mould will soon be consigned. It also says that Miss Hosmer will be nobly represented at the great exhibition in London next year by her statue of the "Captive Queen"—Zenobia.

BRIG.-GEN. ROSECRANS, U.S.A.

GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS, whose portrait we give herewith, was born in the County of Delaware, State of Ohio, on the 6th of September, 1819. His ancestors on the father's side were originally from Amsterdam, and on the mother's of the family of the Pennsylvania Hopkinses, one of whom signed the Declaration of Independence. At the age of eighteen, on his own direct application to the Secretary of War (then Hon. Joel R. Poinsett), he was appointed cadet at West Point in the year 1837. He graduated among the Five, and became brevet lieutenant of engineers in 1842. His first military station was Fortress Monroe, where he remained one year first assistant to Colonel R. E. De Russy. In August, 1843, he married Miss Ann Eliza Hegeman, an accomplished and worthy representative of the old New York family of that name, and was ordered to West Point to act as Assistant Professor of Engineering and Natural Philosophy. After remaining four years at the Academy, he was transferred to Newport, Rhode Island, and made Engineer-in-chief of the fortifications at Fort Adams. During his stay there, from 1847 to 1853, he was charged with surveys of New Bedford harbor and Taunton River, Massachusetts, and plans of fortifications, which he executed to the satisfaction of the War Department. In 1853 he was made constructing engineer at the Navy-yard, Washington, District of Columbia. In November, 1853, he resigned his commission in the army, and engaged in civil engineering and architecture in the city of Cincinnati. In 1855 he accepted the superintendency of the Cannel Coal Company of Coal River, Kanawha Court House, Virginia, and Presidency of the Coal River Navigation Company, which he retained until April, 1857, when he removed to Cincinnati, and engaged in the manufacture of coal oil and prussiate of potash. This was his business when he was called by Major-General M'Clellan to act as chief engineer and aid-de-camp, and thence, shortly after, promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in the regular army.

In all these various positions General Rosecrans has exhibited the most untiring industry, indomitable energy, and spotless integrity. None ever knew him whose respect and confidence he did not command; and the writer of this sketch could not repress a smile when, among certain papers kindly submitted to his inspection by the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Rosecrans, he lit upon a letter dated Washington, August 14, 1854, testifying to "Mr. Rosecrans's high abilities, integrity, and energy," and signed "Jefferson Davis."

Socially, the General unites to the refinement of the gentleman the frank, free-spoken manner so taking among our Western population. In person he is little above the middle height, rather thin, and very erect, with no feature so striking as his broad forehead and clear gray eyes. General Rosecrans is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

BRIG.-GEN. ROSECRANS, U.S.A., COMMANDING UNITED STATES FORCES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THE WEST POINT FOUNDRY.

THESE Works, which we illustrate on page 588, are situated at Cold Spring, Putnam County, and were established in 1817, by Gouverneur Kemble, Esq. They were originally intended for a cannon foundry; but, from the irregular demand for ordnance, have been from time to time greatly enlarged, and adapted to the manufacture of steam-engines and nearly all descriptions of heavy machinery. The engines of the steam-frigate *Merrimac*, and the pumping-engines of the Jersey City Water-works, at Bellville, and of the Dry-dock at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, are from this establishment. At present the demand for cannon and projectiles gives full employment to most of the departments of the foundry; and a great variety of these warlike appliances can be observed, as well as the moulds and other preparations and facilities for casting and finishing them.

Among the specimens of ordnance of the "*smooth bore*" kind, are the Columbiads and sea-coast mortars of the army, and eleven and nine inch guns of the navy, of the pattern of Captain Dahlgren. The rifled cannon, however, hold a conspicuous place at the West Point Foundry. Among them are heavy cast iron blocks for 80-pounder guns, to be finished at the Washington Navy-yard. Preparations are made for a still larger casting of the same kind, denominated a 150-pounder. These guns are from plans furnished by Captain Dahlgren, and are for the naval service of the United States.

The manufacture of the "Parrott" rifled gun and projectiles is now very extensively carried on at the West Point Foundry. They are made from the designs of Mr. R. P. Parrott, the present head of the establishment, and are the result of some years of experiment and observation. We understand that although Mr. Parrott by no means assumes to be the originator of the idea of strengthening cast iron guns by hoops or bands of wrought iron, he claims to have laid down a certain rule of proportion of the parts of the two kinds of iron, as well as of the position of the wrought iron reinforce which he employs, and particularly a new and very important mode of uniting the reinforce to the body of the gun. These guns are denominated by the weight of their respective projectiles—10, 20, and 30 pounders; and others will probably be made of larger power and dimensions.

Mr. Parrott's projectiles are of two kinds. In both, the portion which is engaged in the grooves is at the butt, or rear end of the projectile. For the 10-pounder this is of wrought iron, and the projectile so mounted is known as Read's patent. It has been perfected and fitted for service by improvements introduced and patented by Mr. Parrott. He uses, however, for the larger calibres a peculiar ring of softer metal—a plan of his own invention. This ring does not project beyond the body of the projectile in any direction, thus affording great facility in loading.

Shells or hollow projectiles are chiefly used, and can be exploded by the ordinary time or percussion fuse.

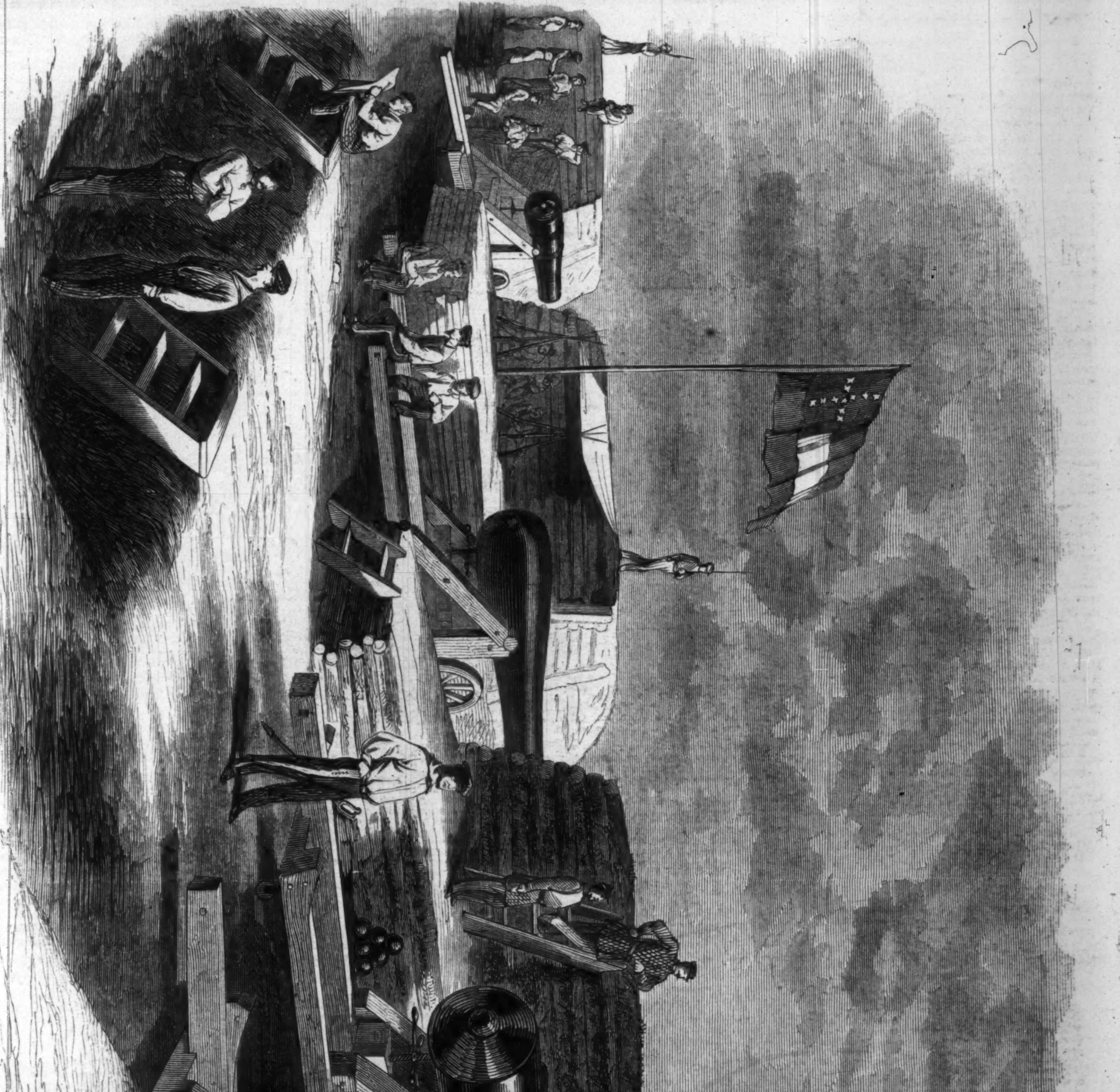
These rifled guns are now in process of manufacture both for the army and naval service. About twenty-five guns and seven thousand projectiles are made per week at this foundry.

PEACE.

PEACE with rebels? Peace with traitors?
Peace with pirates sword in hand?
Not till right and wrong change natures;
Not till God forsakes our land.

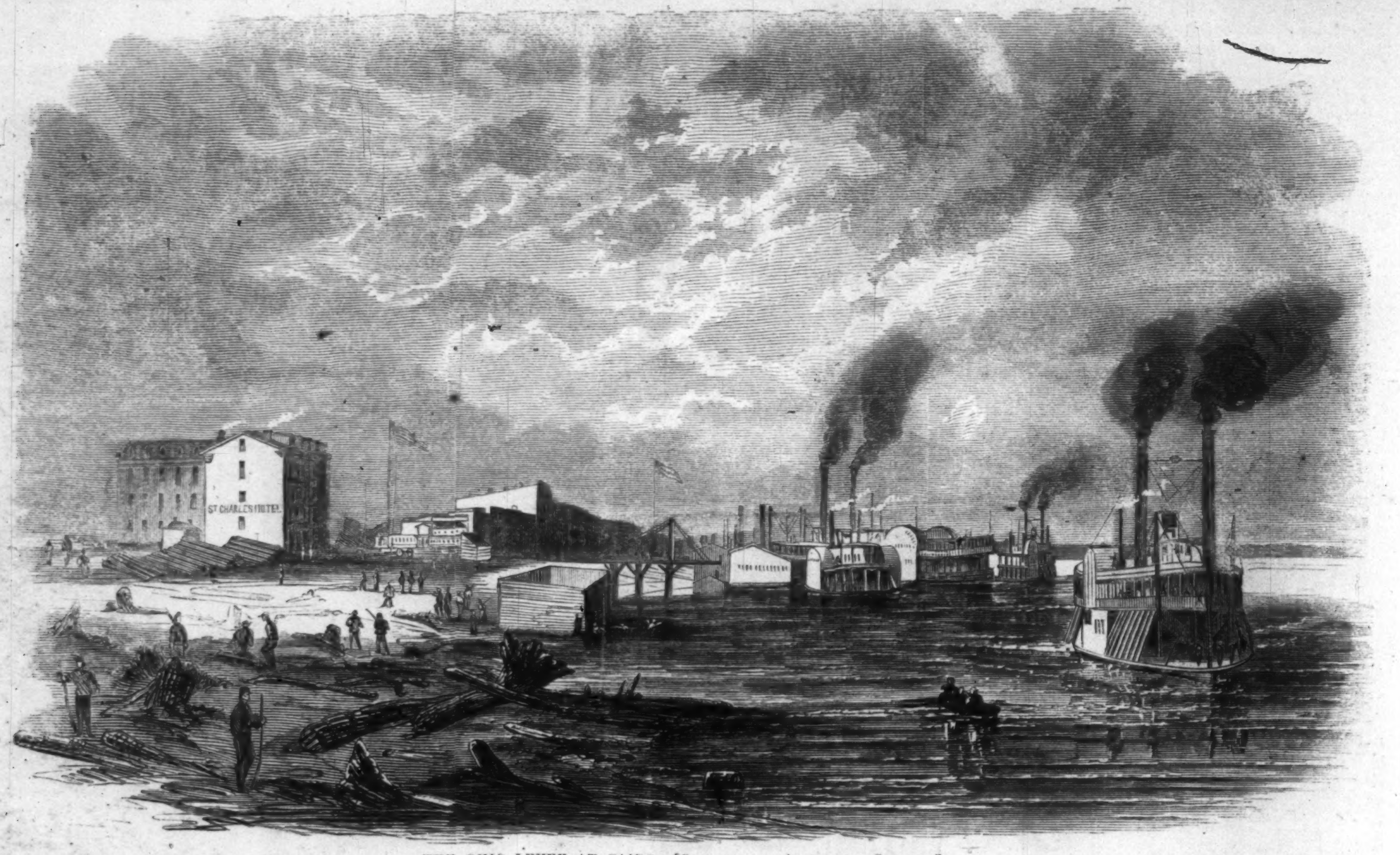
Peace there is not for the wicked,
Save upon the bended knees:
When the South is soundly "lick-ed,"
Then 'twill do to prate of "peace!"

REBEL PRISONERS LEAVING BALTIMORE FOR FORTRESS MONROE.—[SEE PAGE 589.]



THE NAVAL BATTERY (REBEL) AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE OHIO LEVEE AT CAIRO.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

THE TWENTY-SECOND INDIANA VOLUNTEERS AT ST. LOUIS.

WE publish herewith a picture of the ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTY-SECOND INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, Colonel Jefferson C. Davis, at St. Louis, Missouri, from a sketch sent us by a member of the regiment. A letter accompanied the sketch, from which we make the following extracts (want of space alone prevents our giving more):

Our regiment, which was stationed at North Madison, Indiana, up to the 14th August, received orders on that day to proceed immediately to St. Louis, *via* Indianapolis, which having been made known throughout the camp was met with cheers and shoutings, all the boys being delighted at the chance of getting near to one of the seats of war. Having strapped on our knapsacks, canteens, and haversacks, we all fell in in companies, and, 1010 men strong, we left our old quarters in the highest spirits, and amidst the thousand greetings of sympathizing crowds marched to the dépôt. The trains and engines were waiting for us, three in all, and "All aboard!" being the cry, we tumbled in, soon got rid of our knapsacks, etc., and started in due time.

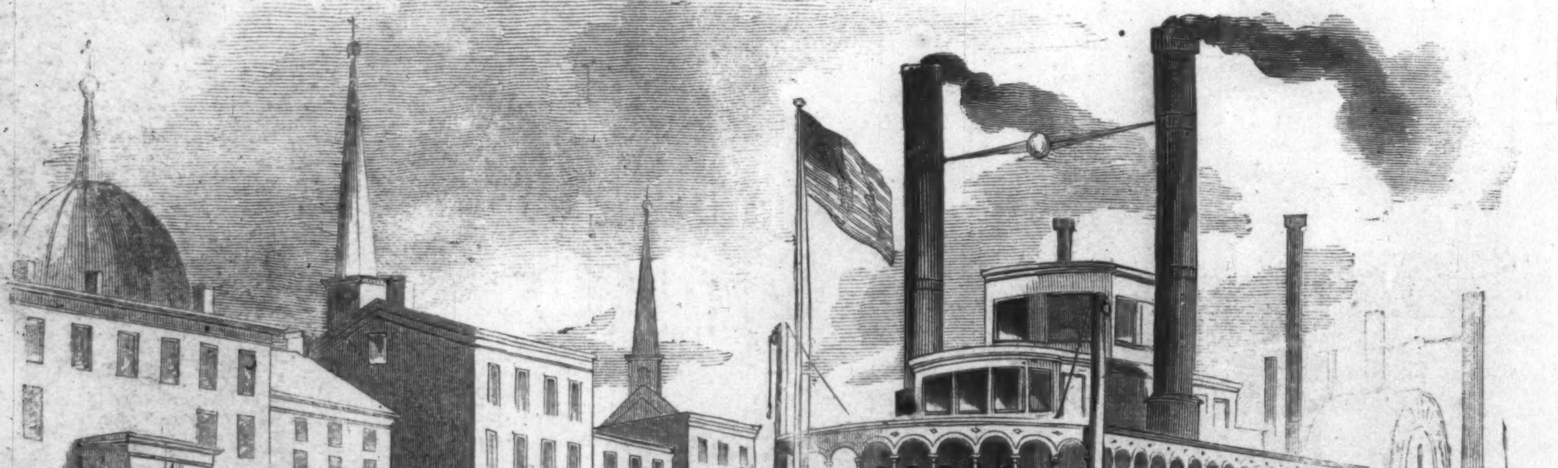
On the morrow, about ten o'clock, Colonel Woods inspected the new volunteers, and being approved of, the oath was administered, and all cheerfully went in for "three years or the war." The next day (Friday), after dinner, we struck tents, marched to the dépôt, and, with three roaring cheers, were off once more for the far West.

On our arrival at the Mississippi we disembarked, fell in ranks, and marched to the *City of Alton* steamboat, which was to convey us across. Tents and all camp equipage were soon aboard, and slowly we steamed across to St. Louis, and in solemn silence, save the words of command, disembarked (see engraving), and the whole regiment drew up on the sidewalk by the levee. Nothing could enforce more strongly on the mind the sad effects of this fearful war than the desolate appearance of this levee. Crowded with boats, fires out, and, with a few solitary exceptions, all idle.

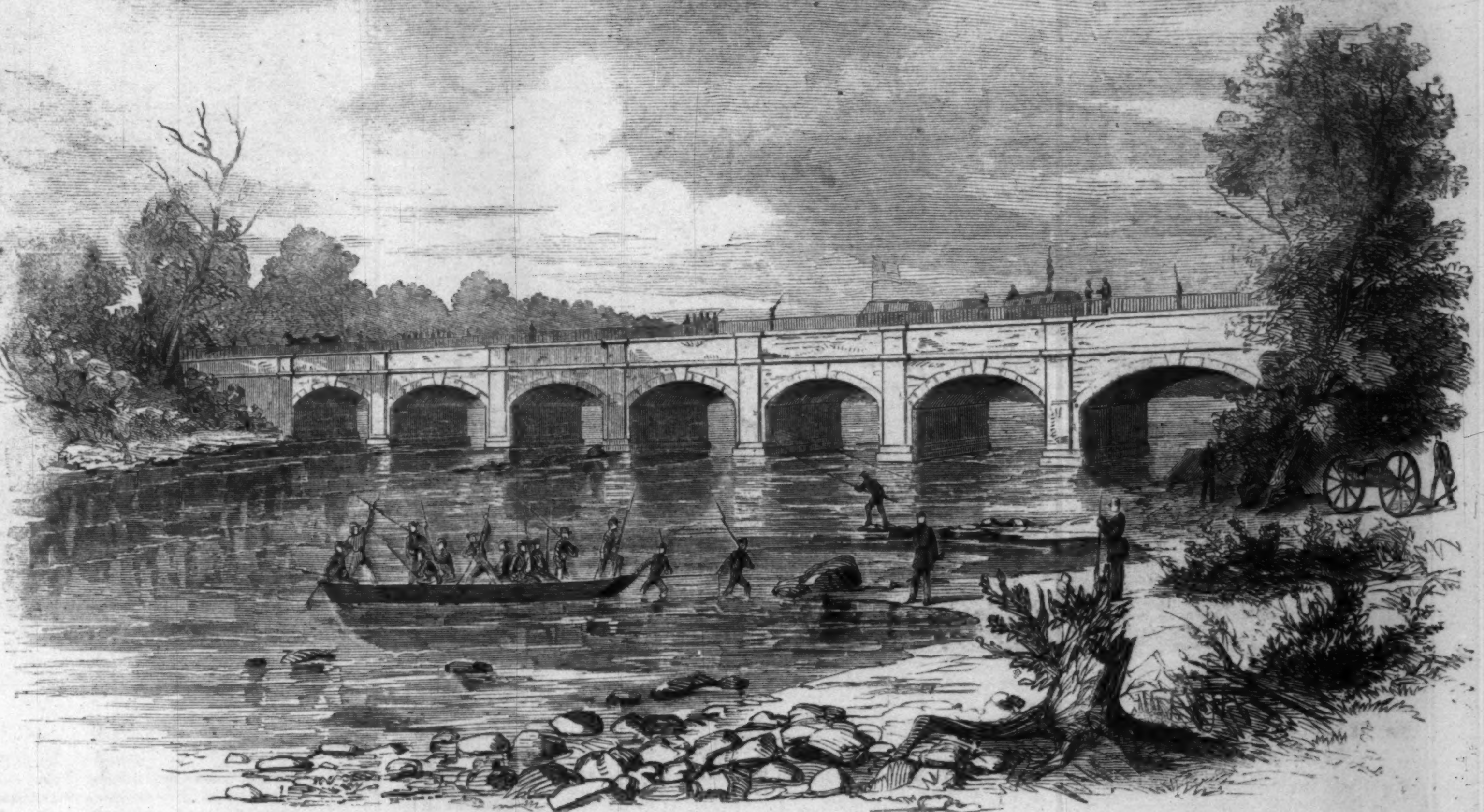
At length our Colonel appeared, and four abreast "double quick" up the hill went we, and after going some distance, "right face," "quick march," soon brought us to Washington Avenue to the cheering sounds of fifes and drums. Here we halted. I may here mention, *en passant*, that, having asked a drink of water from two respectable women who were standing at a door-way to see the troops marching past, one of them kindly brought it; and having asked us two were we not Irishmen, we said yes! "Then," answered she, "you must take something better from a countrywoman, for I feel proud to see ye all come forward so bravely for your adopted country." So off she went, and soon appeared with a tin-cup full of "good old rye!" We drank success to the ladies and the good cause in which we were embarked, and 'neath a scorching sun, and choking with dust, we once more stepped forward briskly, and in about half an hour arrived at our camping ground at "Herzinger's Cave."

A SOUTHERN FAMILY COMING NORTH.

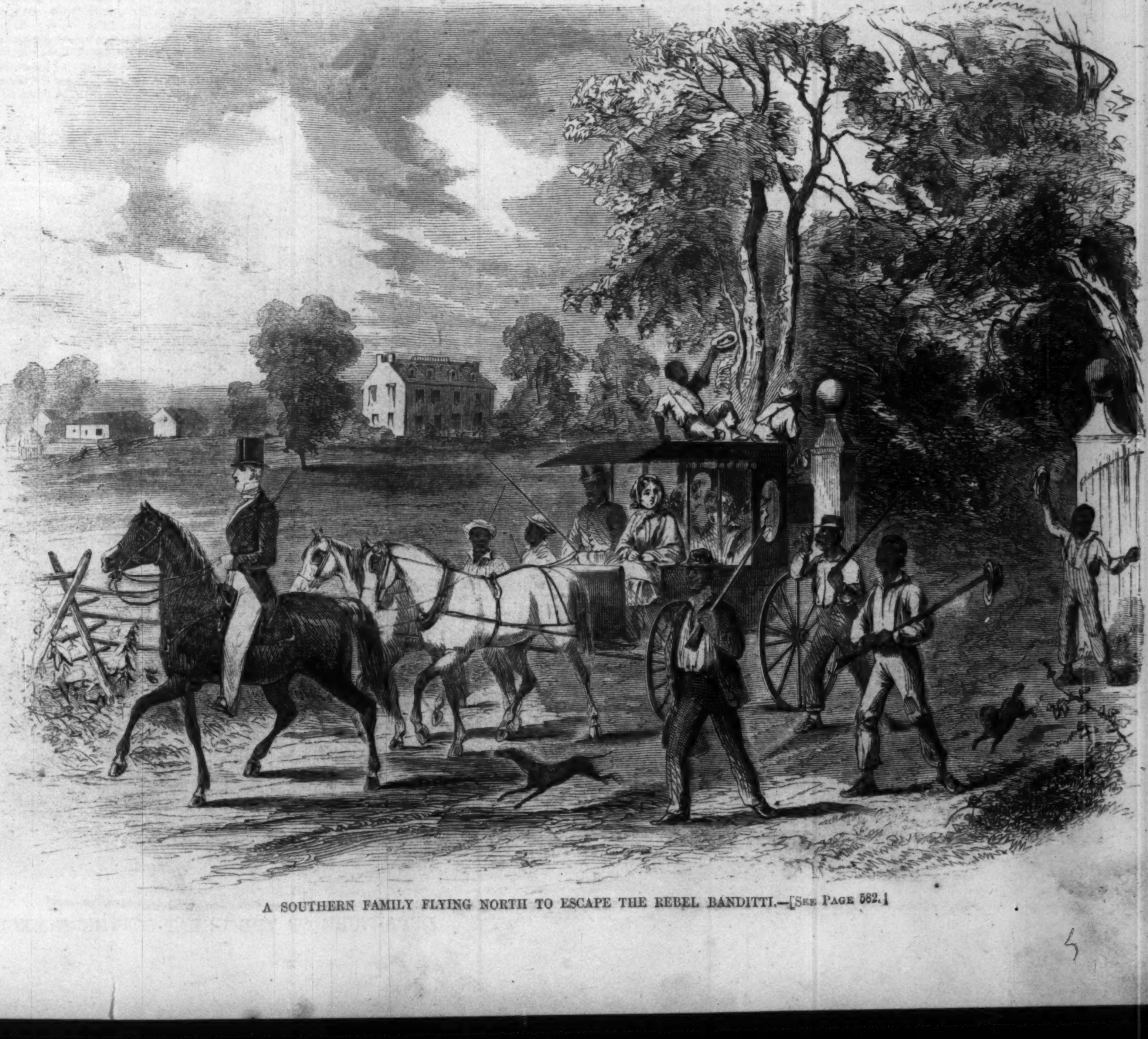
ON page 583 we illustrate one of the most cruel consequences of the war—the exile of Southern families from their homes by the march of the contending armies. For some time past the boats on the Mississippi and the rail-cars running from Tennessee into Kentucky have been crowded with loyal men driven from their homes by the brutal soldiery in the service of the rebels. Many have left property and all they possessed, glad to escape with their lives. Our illustration represents a good old country gentleman leaving his home with his family and servants—all armed for their own protection, and journeying with their own cattle in search of peace.



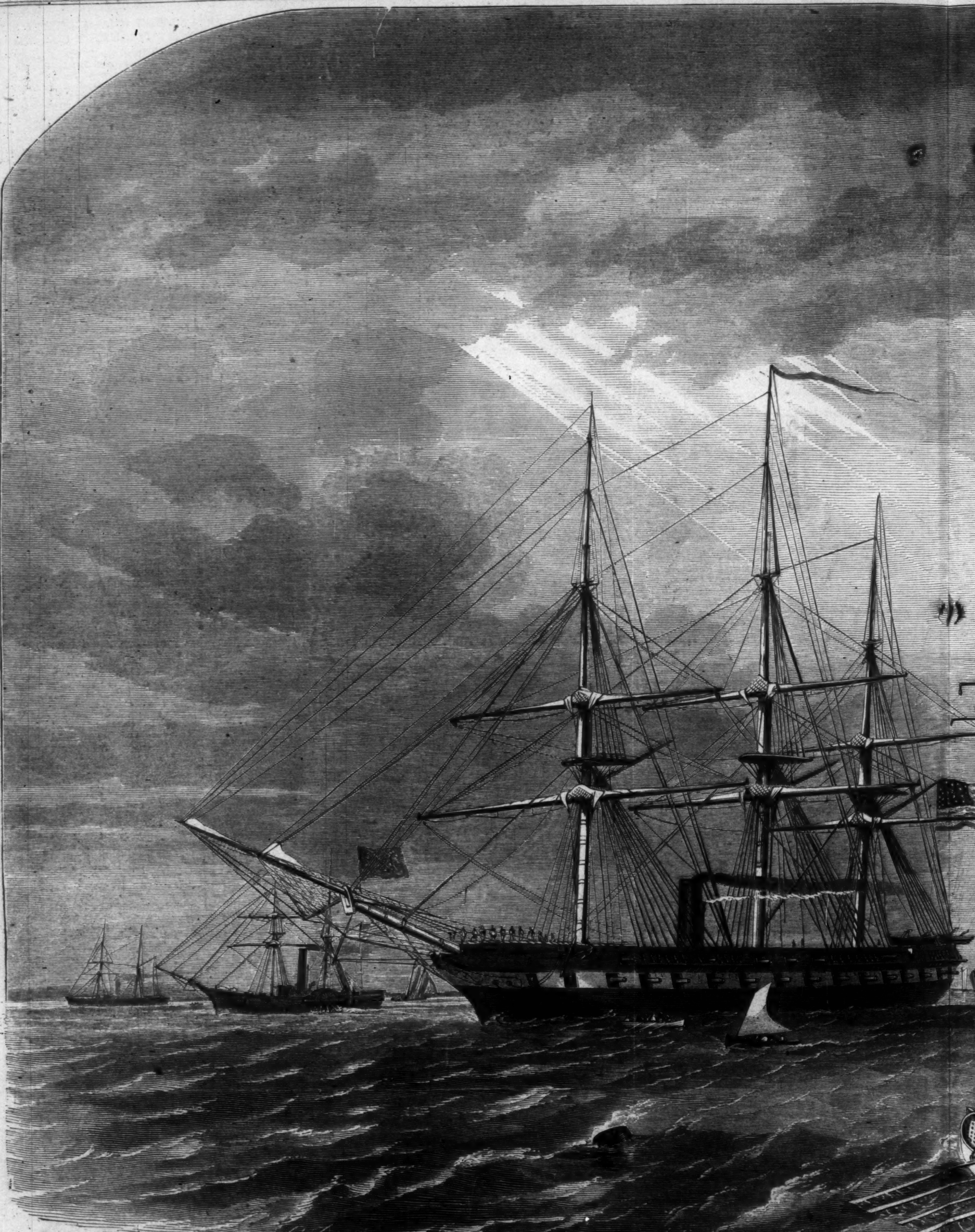
ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTY-SECOND INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL J. C. DAVIS, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES GUIRE.]



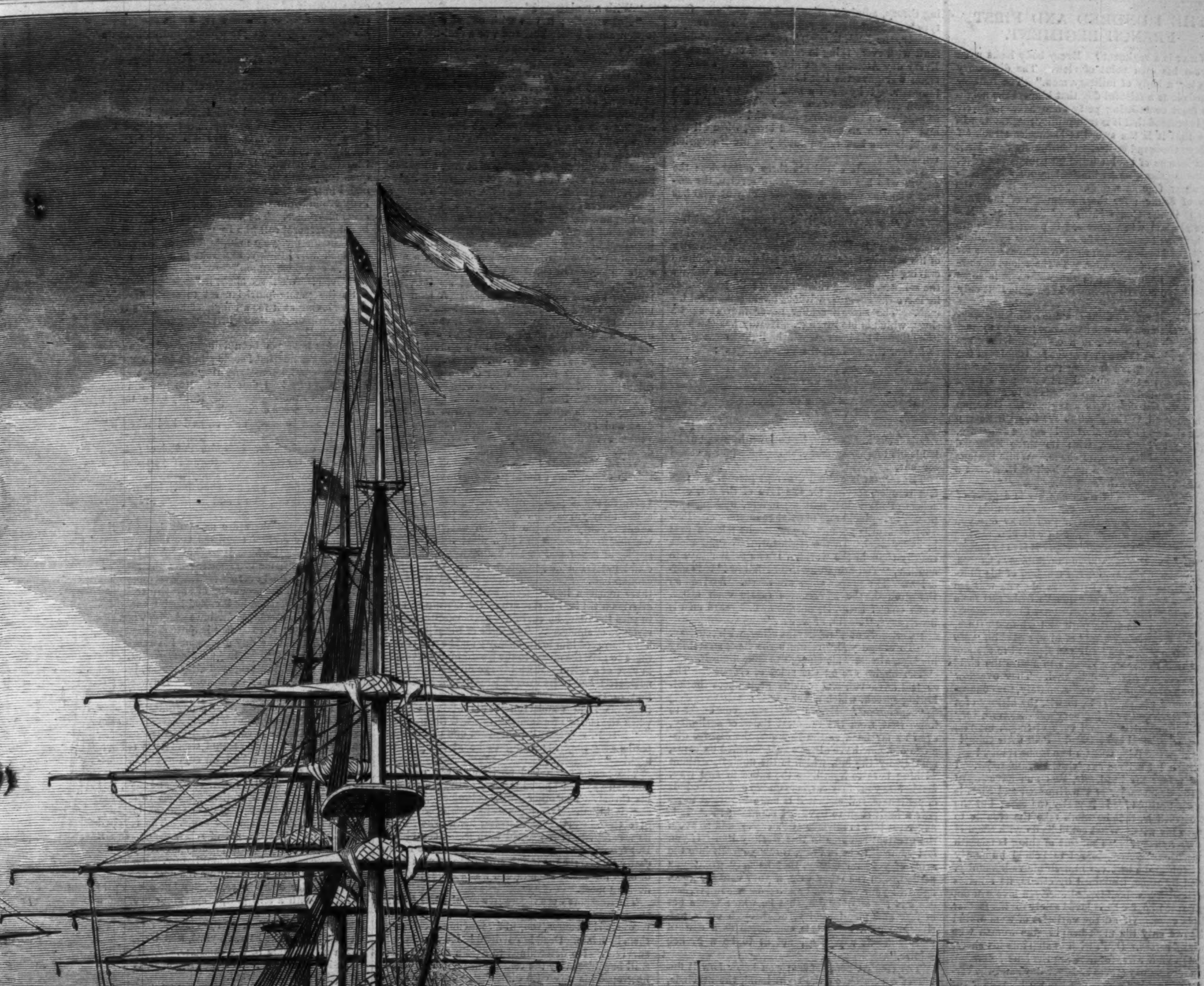
AQUEDUCT OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL, AT THE MOUTH OF THE MONOCACY—PRESENT POSITION OF GENERAL BANKS'S ARMY.



A SOUTHERN FAMILY FLYING NORTH TO ESCAPE THE REBEL BANDITTI.—[See Page 582.]



DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION, UNDER GE



Minnesota. Monticello. Pawnee.

GENERAL BUTLER, FROM FORTRESS MONROE.—[See Page 578.]

THE HUNDRED AND FIRST FRENCH REGIMENT.

WHAT is a regiment? Every body looks upon it from his own point of view. The dictionary calls it "a body of military men." The country regards it as a faithful dog that hinders the neighbors from committing petty annoyances; orderly people pretend that it is tranquillity; agitators will have that it is the sword of Damocles struck off in three thousand copies. Contractors consider it as an income of twelve hundred pounds per year; mathematicians, as an integral number reducible to vulgar fractions. For Béranger it was the Sons of France; for the nursemaids of the Tuileries it is the Conservatoire of Sentiment. Mothers are sad when they see it pass; fathers are good-natured enough to fancy that it is gratuitous board and lodging which the government offers for the reception of their sons. To the school of cowards it is an enigma; to the women it is three thousand men. In all this it is possible that only th... n and the dictionary are right.

The Hundred and First is a fine regiment. Separately, the men are not handsome; by no means. But put them together in a corps, and they are magnificent—and are they brave? Inquire of the whole army. 'Tis not along the Boulevards that you should see the Hundred and First pass; there you will think it stuck up and given to attitudinizing—two sad defects in a regiment. Here, on the high road, is the place to see it, with its cap on one side and its eye alert. It enjoys existence, laughing and singing, with its three thousand voices, one of its favorite songs. While it sings on its way let us have a good look at it. Take a chair. First come the sappers.

To know one sapper from another is a proof of remarkable perspicacity. Sappers resemble negroes in this respect, that if you know one you know all. This soldier—not to call him always by his name—with his hairy cap, his face to match, and his hatchet, reminds you of Robinson Crusoe. He wears a white apron, the emblem of his functions in the capacity of nursemaid; you will see him soon taking out the colonel's little girl for a walk. That black and bearded head beams ineffable smiles on the little pink and white creature, who, far from being afraid of him, calls him "*My ducky darling sapper!*" If you listened to the stories which the soldier invents to amuse the child you would be highly delighted. They overflow with unheard-of-ness. Unfortunately, the dénouement never varies. It is, to wit, the history of a little girl who, after being very well-behaved, very kind, very charitable, and very virtuous, marries at last—a general of division. Poor little thing!

Good gracious! What a handsome soldier!

Parbleu! I believe so; 'tis the drum-major. I would wager my head, Sir, that you have heard that the drum-major of the Hundred and First is somewhat stupid? It is really the case; but the whole truth is, that he won't take the trouble to sharpen his wits. What could he do with them if they *were* sharp? "That sort of thing is beneath his position." Accustomed to behold humanity beneath him, he believes himself above humanity. Envied by some, disdained by others, he remains alone—with his shoulder-belt. Even love can not regenerate him, for he is loved solely for his feather and his cane. Of all the varieties of womankind he knows only the most insipid—the women who admire *fine men*. Don't wish to step into his shoes, and stop your ears, for here are the trumpeters.

Handsome pay (three sous per day) and the certainty of making a noise in the world, render the drummer insufferably proud. In obedience to tradition, he slightly cocks his head on one side, to give himself a gracious air. When he returns to his cottage, his daddy, and his pigs, he will cleverly insinuate that he renounced military honors to follow his vocation for agriculture.

The colonel is always serious and wearied out, which is perfectly comprehensible. To manage three thousand men is no trifle, and to hear the regimental band play every day the same variations on Guillaume Tell is any thing but amusing. On his Arab horse, with his back turned to the regiment, the colonel sees and knows every thing; what he does not know, he guesses. On returning to quarters he will consign to barracks for a couple of days number seven of the second rank, of the third company, of the second battalion, for slinging his cartridge-box awkwardly; but his proverbial severity will cease the moment he passes general of brigade.

The lieutenant-colonel speaks like the colonel, walks like the colonel, scolds like the colonel, laughs like the colonel, does every thing like the colonel. But he is an older man. How does this happen? Nobody knows; it lieth between Destiny and the Minister.

The commandant of the third battalion, scarcely thirty years of age, won his epaulets and the officers' cross of the Legion of Honor in the Crimea, where he reaped glory by wagon-loads. He bears one of the most honorable names in France; he has an income of sixty thousand francs a year; and he has a young wife as fair as his fortune. Esteemed by his chiefs, beloved by the soldiers, a magnificent career is open to him. Here is more than enough to make him the happiest man in the world. Well; he is nothing of the kind. This poor commandant bears a serpent in his bosom—a chronic grief, an incurable pain. The serpent, the grief, the pain, lie in the fact that he is an inch shorter than M. Thiers, the shortest of all known great men.

Among the officers of the Hundred and First is found the married officer who associates with nobody, not even with his married colleagues, because it "gives rise to gossip;" and, in the corps, half a word soon takes gigantic proportions. It is an unlucky day when Captain Michel calls on Captain Baudoin, and asks, "Captain, is it true that you ...d that I said my wife told me that Captain Laudry's wife had told her that her husband wore stays?" The officer of fortune has no fortune at all. The serious officer employs his time in studying theory, administration, and manœuvres. One type has all but disappeared from the French army; namely, the loud, braggart, coarse officer, finding fault with every thing in season and out of season. Every day Atticism is gaining ground. The Crimean war gave the last blow to boastfulness and insolence. Why need a man boast, when he has shown solid proofs of courage? What is the use of putting on threatening looks and staring right and left with an ever-knitted brow, when all the world knows how redoubtable you are if occasion require?

The sergeants constitute three categories: the *sergent* who has only seven years' service, the *sargent* who has fourteen, and the *chargent* who has one-and-twenty.

The *sergent* is a badly-drawn portrait, with a feeble outline of the features. He combines simpletonism with presumptuousness. In the novelty of his relative superiority, he feels an immoderate craving to display his full authority; he worries the soldiers. If the colonel knew it! Never does he leave the chamber without having punished his man. The French soldier never murmurs; he sings, which is his revenge. Hardly has the punisher turned his heels, when the light breeze wafts to his ear the finale of the Vexed Sergent:

> And, rrrantaplan,
> Do what you can;
> Lieutenants two
> Are higher than you;
> So, while we can,
> Sing r-r-r-rantaplan.

His looks are sombre, he boils with rage, but he holds his tongue for fear of being taken for a vexed sergent.

The *sargent* is quite a different person. A perfect trooper, serving for the love of the art, conscious of his value, nothing moves, nothing surprises, that placid and martial countenance. Provost at arms—pronounce *provoo*—he takes a part in every duel. In the regiment, they fight more readily than in the world. If one soldier says to another, "You are an awkward fellow!" it is sufficient. The proper steps are taken. Arrived on the ground, the adversaries salute each other. Then one of them, laying his sword-guard on his heart, says, "Begin, *Monsieur*."

"Certainly not," replies the other, with courtesy.

"To oblige you," resumes the first, stretching his legs, almost wide enough to split himself.

The blades are on the point of crossing. The *sargent* advances, and gravely pronounces the following speech, which never varies:

"*An instant!* Before you begin you ought to know that, from the remotest times of antiquity, even as far back as the Romans, the diverse disputes of honor have always been decided by arms, notably by the foil, which is the noblest, without wishing here to humiliate the sabre in any way. But before your fury carries you beyond the bounds of politeness, reflect that it is more beautiful to repair a fault than to have not committed it. It is never too late to retrieve one's errors, and to avoid the greatest remorse in this worldly life. If you feel yourself to be in fault, throw yourself into the arms of your adversary, that he may grant you pardon. In the other case, if your cause is good, fight till your very last breath; for remember, *both one and the other of you*, that he who retracts out of fear and pusillanimity, or through other motives, no matter what, is considered as a coward and—and—as a *pignouf*, not fit to be a French soldier."

The combat commences; you know how it finishes; a scratch on the right hand, the acolade, and all is over.

The *chargent* is brave to the tip of every hair. For the last twenty years a hundred thousand men have saluted his lace stripes; and it costs him a very slight effort to believe that those salutes are addressed to himself: which belief justifies the very good opinion he entertains of his own person. He has seen every thing, he knows every thing; beloved and respected by the Hundred and First, he expects to be beloved and respected every where. Louis XIV. was not so strict about etiquette as he is about his prerogatives.

A carabineer, passing near him, neglected to raise his hand to his cap.

"Why don't you salute me?" asked the *chargent*, walking straight up to him.

"I beg your pardon, sergeant, I did not notice your stripes."

"Do you intend to insinuate that you are short-sighted?"

"No, but—"

"There is no 'but' in the matter. I could take down your matricular number and have you put into the corner; but I am not susceptible of bringing any body to grief. Only please to listen to what I say. You belong to the First Carabineers, which is the finest regiment in France; well! by your insolent incongruity you entirely deprive it of its prestige. That is all I have to say to you."

The carabineer was flabergasted, as well he might.

With this profound knowledge of life he is overwhelmed with questions, "*Chargent*, what is that grease in the yellow pots which stand in the windows of the dealers in eatables?"

"Grease! It is fat liver paté; the most delectable thing in the world. It costs twenty-seven francs the half-pound, without the truffles."

"Oh, ho! And with the truffles?"

"It is worth its weight in gold."

"Have you ever tasted any yourself, *chargent?*"

"Approximatively."

"I don't know what that means."

"It means that I have never tasted it personally myself; but I once had a comrade who had a fellow-townsman who polished the floors of a captain who often had it on his table."

"*Chargent*, is it true, what Corporal Siphlet says, that at Bordeaux you kept company with a black woman?"

"Certainly, it is quite true."

"With a negress?"

"Not exactly."

"With a mulatress?"

"Not exactly; it was with one of my fellow-townswomen whose husband was a coal-heaver."

"*Chargent*, why does the commandant of the first battalion wear green spectacles?"

"When his wife gives him a glass of sugar and water, it is to make him fancy it is a glass of hock."

As long as the oldest trooper can remember, the Hundred and First has always had in its ranks *a sergeant who saved a general*. At Fontenoy, Wagram, and Montereau, the glorious deed was performed. In Spain, during the campaign of '23, a sergeant found an opportunity of saving a lieutenant-general, who, in truth, was in no great danger; but seeing the difficulties at the time of finding a general more exposed, they could not be over-particular, and the Hundred and First maintained its traditional heroism. Alma and Inkermann were inscribed in glorious letters on the regimental flag, without the possibility occurring of saving a general. They saved superior officers, captains, lieutenants, subalterns, corporals, and soldiers, but nothing in the shape of a general. A man is a man, and it is a very fine thing to save one's fellow-creature, but humanity once satisfied, vanity holds up her head. It is of no use talking: one is better pleased to save a general than a musician, to say nothing about a sapper and miner. Besides, it was necessary for the honor of the corps; the colonel several times alluded to it with some degree of bitterness. But it is probable that the persevering way in which the subalterns of the Hundred and First watched over their generals prevented even the likelihood of their ever falling into danger.

This topic was the general subject of conversation in camp, when, during the night of the 15th of February, 1855, Sergeant Blandureau with four volunteers was posted in an ambuscade situated about forty yards from the French parallels, and about seventy from the Russian batteries. The weather was enough to kill a dog; there was the silence of death and so thick a darkness, that you could not tell a foraging-cap from a twenty-four cannon ball. Sergeant Blandureau had to remain there fourteen hours—from half past four in the afternoon till half past seven in the morning; and, to pass the time, he could not even venture on the resource of smoking. The light of his pipe would have betrayed him to the enemy; and he was placed there to give the alarm to the guard of the trenches in case of a sally. With his eye on the watch, his neck stretched to its utmost length, and his ear attentive, the brave subaltern could not prevent his thoughts from wandering to his native village, when the sound of a trumpet recalled them.

"Listen, sergeant," whispered one of his companions; "they are going to be at it again to-night—"

The poor wretch had no time to say more; a Russian bayonet pinned the rest of the sentence in his throat. The other three volunteers were instantly killed. The sergeant had scarcely time to give the alarm by discharging his musket, when he was felled to the ground with gun-stock blows. But a sergeant of the Hundred and First is not so easily settled; he is tough enough to stand a score of hard knocks. Blandureau was a little stunned; nothing more.

The Russians were vigorously repulsed. A calm succeeded to the cannonade. Sergeant Blandureau recovered his senses, sought for his comrades, called them by name. Dead! All dead! He was the sole survivor. He determined to regain the trenches. Still bewildered by the contusions he had received, he groped his way with difficulty. All was black around him; at every step he stumbled over a corpse. Is the Hundred and First never to set eyes on its sergeant again? Courage, then! And on he plodded again. Once more he tripped against a body stretched on the ground. It was that of a Frenchman, still alive; for it rapped out so energetic a "Nom de Dieu!" that the Russians, who were only twenty paces off, heard it.

A cannon illumined the scene for an instant. Blandureau heard the grape-shot plow up the earth; a biscayan shattered his gun. Misfortune is always good for something; the flash showed him the direction to follow. He resolutely hoisted on his shoulders the comrade who had procured him this friendly greeting from the Russians.

"Sacrebleu!" he thought as he toddled along, "here's a fellow who does not starve himself! The clocks of Sebastopol are striking three in the morning, and I have yet a good long walk to take, with this well-fed individual on my back."

And so he tottered and stumbled along, sometimes wrong and sometimes right, over rough ground, among dead bodies and broken weapons, until at last he deposited his burden in the battery which guarded his regiment, and then fainted.

Next morning, Blandureau woke up as fresh as if he had passed the night in his bed. "Where's my wounded man?" he cried, rubbing his eyes. "Let me see the little lamb who could not walk because he had a couple of bullets in his belly."

"Here he is," they said, pointing to a person surrounded with surgeons, who were dressing his wounds with the most anxious care.

"The general!"

"Yes, my brave fellow. Come, and let me press you in my arms."

"The general! 'Twas the general!" shouted Blandureau, half crazy with joy.

"Yes, indeed; 'tis I. Come to me, I say!"

"Oh, general!"

"You are a brave fellow; thank you. I shall never forget that I owe you my life."

"As for that, general, you are under no great obligation. I took you for one of my comrades so thoroughly as to call you a little lamb. But since it is you, general, you may be sure that—that—certainly that—I am very glad of it, and that if I had known it—naturally—I should have saved you all the same. There!"

The corporal—that subaltern commandant—is the connecting link between the soldiers and the inferior officers. Charged with the direction of four men, you are aware with what modesty he acquits himself of that important mission. Occasionally obliged to send in a report, he compresses his orthography in a style which is not without its merit.

"*Onthetwen tysev enthmarchin theeve ningwe metfourmen.*"

[On the twenty-seventh March, in the evening, we met four men.]

In eighteen hundred and forty-odd, Monsieur De X., the préfet of a department, resigned his place to come to Paris. But monsieur, his son, twenty years of age, was gifted with sundry qualities which unfitted him for the capital. Consequently, young De X. enlisted in the Hundred and First, in the expectation of dazzling every body around him by his smartness and his handsome allowance. The very day of his arrival he heard a corporal call him by name.

"The matter, *ying* man, is that you are on *corvée*, task-work, to-day, and that you must sweep out the court, *ying* man."

"Good! We'll see about it."

So the young patrician set to work bravely. After slaving at it for a couple of hours, the court was a little dirtier than when he began. Up came the corporal.

"What have you been doing there?"

"I have done what I could; but I don't know—"

"You don't know—and they call you a *eddicated ying* man! I dare say! But how did they spend their time in your family if they never taught you how to sweep a yard?"

"I meant to learn as soon as I had taken my degree."

"The explanation is quite sufficient; begin again, and try to do it better. If you don't, I will nail you for four-and-twenty hours."

"Oh! corporal, you have too much integrity—"

"That will do; don't add insolence to insubordination—"

In a regiment there are as many types of the soldier as there are men—from the model grenadier to the fellow who will be shot. The latter is known by the name of *customer;* but the race has rapidly diminished ever since the government has interfered with the procuring of substitutes. The town workman, when he is called by lot, turns soldier with indifference, sometimes gladly, when the times are hard; but the case is quite different with country folk. One day a peasant lad received a paper summoning him to join his regiment. He ought to have been prepared six months, because at the conscription he drew No. 7. He weeps; it is a sad thing to leave his kindred for so long a time, and to be cut off from communicating with them, because he can not write. A conscript's departure is pitiable to see. After grief comes rage; he says he is a peasant, and won't be a soldier. He seizes his gun, his flail, his scythe, and is transformed, for two or three minutes, into a sort of revolted angel. But his father comes and says, "It is your duty." His mother pretends to dry her tears; he goes away singing. On reaching his corps he neither weeps nor sings. The revolted angel is become an angel of resignation. In six months you will see him proudly strutting in the Champs Elysées, cheerful and happy.

Did you notice a man with a red nose, and a ribbon the color of his nose, closely buttoned up to the chin, with a stiff gait, a sparkling eye, and a brush mustache? He follows the regiment. We found him at the door of the officers' mess-room, we saw him in the barrack-yard, and we find him again at the gate of the quarters. That man is Captain Morel, the last of the *grognards*, or grumblers, literally translated.

The species is becoming rare, which is not to be regretted. This person is a unique specimen of the *grognard* and ill-bred officer. Retired on half-pay three years ago, he can not live without the regiment to which he ceases to belong; he is now merely an ornamental appendage. He is tolerated, but not liked; he is wearisome. His only excuse is that he has been a brave fellow in his time. While he was in the corps the soldiers used to say, "That mad fellow, Captain Morel, is never happy but when he is in a rage."

During his last year of service the colonel, who had been made an officer of the Legion of Honor, gave a grand dinner, to which were invited the authorities of the town and the whole staff of officers. As ladies were to be present, he sent for Morel to come and speak to him.

"Captain, I give a dinner on Monday."

"I know it, colonel."

"And, as I hold you in esteem, I have sent you an invitation, but I now beg of you not to come."

"May I ask, without indiscretion, colonel, why you offer me such an affront as this?"

"Mon Dieu, captain, there is no affront in the matter, since the refusal will come from you; but considerations which you will understand—"

"All I understand is, that I am not considered in the least."

"Well, then, I am afraid that your very military style of conversation should shock the ladies whom we expect."

"A thousand thunders! May the devil's carcass double strangle me if I understand!"

"You will go on in that way at table. You know that the City dames are a little—"

"Stiff and starch, precise and prim; butter won't melt in their mouths. They screw up their lips like—"

"Exactly."

"Very well, colonel, the thing is settled; I won't come. I am a mangy, itchy, scurvy fellow. It's a pleasant position—"

"But, captain—"

"It's a very pleasant position to be in, after thirty years' service, eleven campaigns, and seven wounds!"

"If you would only promise me not to talk?"

"As for that, colonel, I can easily promise you; even if I had your permission, I would not open my mouth."

"Positively?"

"If I utter a word I'll spit out my tongue five-and-twenty feet above the level of the sea."

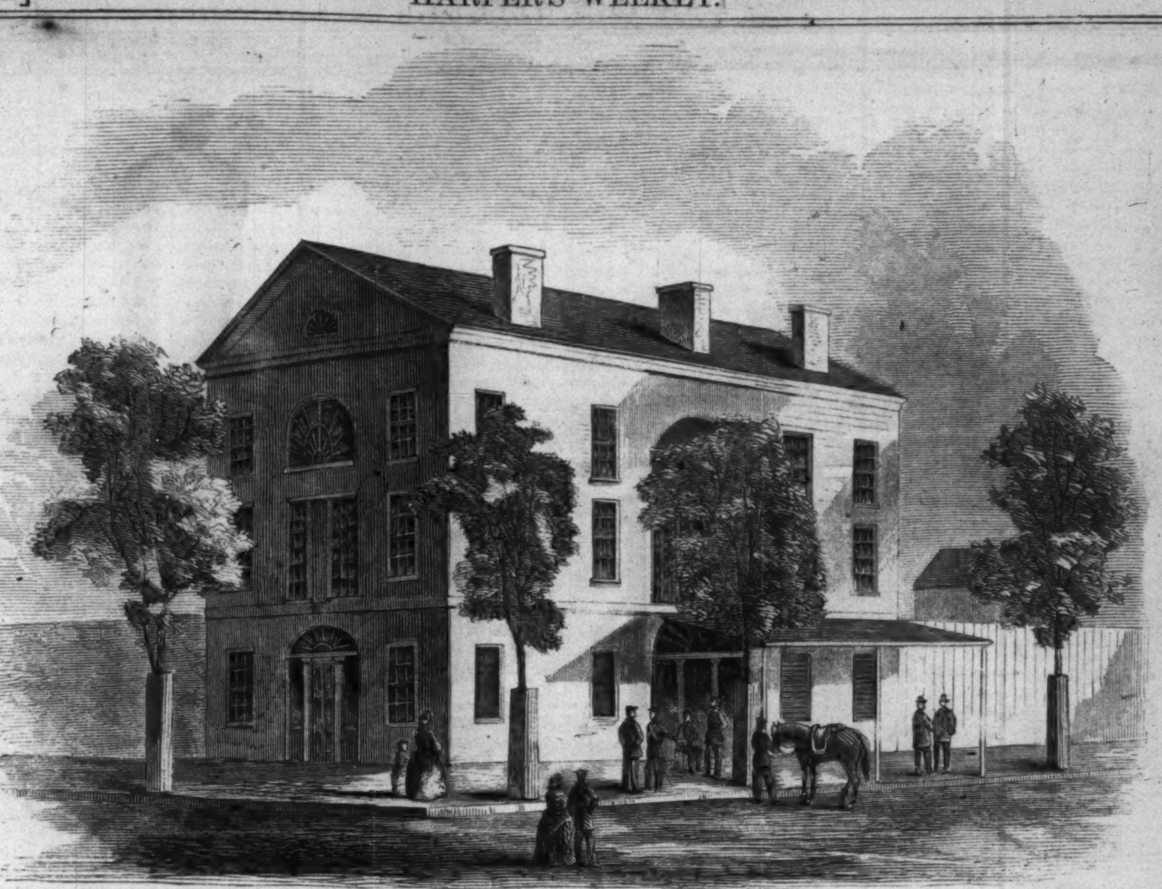
"I had rather have your word of honor."

"You have it, colonel; you have it."

On the day of the dinner the captain, in full uniform, presented himself at the colonel's, and bowed to every body without pronouncing a syllable. He ate like an ogre, to render silence less difficult. The third course was about to be succeeded by a dessert; the captain was eating a roasted woodcock; the colonel was congratulating himself at having escaped humiliating an old brother in arms.

All at once a horrible cry burst from the captain's lips. One of his grinders had been broken by a shot lodged in the woodcock's thigh.

"Sacré nom de millions de diables!" shouted the *grognard*, holding out with one hand the murderous shot, and with the other the woodcock's head. "This infernal brute didn't die of the measles!"



THE POLITICAL PRISON AT WASHINGTON, CORNER FIRST AND A STREETS (NORTH).

POLITICAL PRISON AT WASHINGTON.

WE published in our last number a view of the political prison at New York. We now give THE POLITICAL PRISON AT WASHINGTON, where so many of the rebel sympathizers are confined. It is a building of no pretensions, and not very secure; but as yet we hear of no escapes from it.

THE MARINE CORPS AT WASHINGTON.

WE publish herewith a picture—from a sketch by our special artist in Washington—of the marines drawn up in front of their barracks at Washington.

The Marine Corps was established in 1798, and has since participated in all the wars in which the country has been engaged. It took part in all the naval engagements of the war of 1812, was engaged under General Eaton in the war with Tripoli, defended Washington under Commodore Barney, went through the Creek and Florida wars under General Jessup, was engaged in all the Mexican battles, from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, under Gen. Scott, attacked the Sumatra forts, and the Barrier forts in China in 1859, and assisted in the capture of the *Miramon* steamer on March 7, 1860.

The force stationed at the Washington barracks at present consists of four companies, under command of the following officers, viz.: Company A, Captain Taylor; Company B, Lieutenant Nicholson; Company C, Lieutenant Meiere; Company D, Lieutenant Collier. Commandant of Corps, Colonel John Harris.

The numerical strength of the Marine Corps has been doubled since the war broke out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPTAIN BENHAM.

WASHINGTON, *August* 7, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

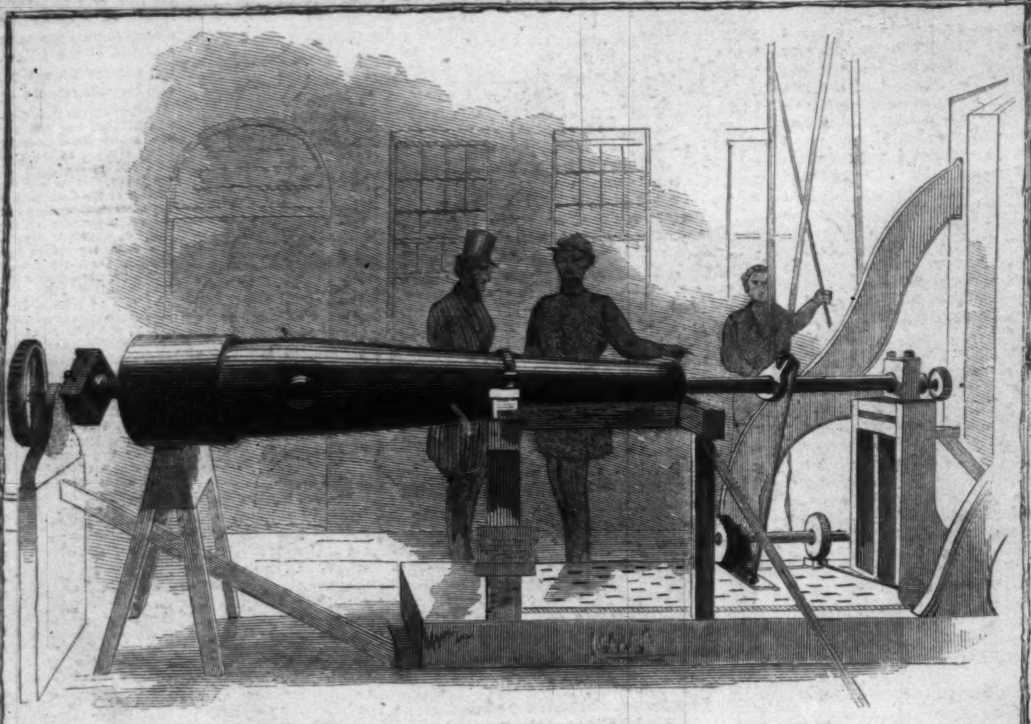
IN your late issue I find a picture "The Death of General Garnett." As the whole country has been under a misapprehension in regard to that affair, let me draw your attention to the following extract from General Morris's report:

During all the time Captain Benham has had my full confidence in every thing relating to the conduct and management of the troops, and for a large portion of the time he has been in actual command of several regiments of the brigade, whenever separated from my immediate control. On three several occasions, when danger was anticipated at Philippi, I sent him up from Grafton to take command of these troops, and always to the great satisfaction of the colonels of the regiments there. On the march from Philippi to this place he led the advance with the skirmishers, and by his skillful management in this position the army was brought in here one or two hours earlier than could otherwise have been the case, and so as to effect a complete surprise upon the enemy. During the six days here he has had the direction under myself of all active operations, selecting positions for fortifying, in charge of scouts, reconnoissances, etc. On the march in pursuit of the enemy I gave him command of the advance column, the only troops that met the enemy, where his untiring perseverance in pursuit, and his judicious management in repelling the attack from the enemy, who made a stand in a strong position, was such as to effect the overthrow and route of the powerful army of Western Virginia, *killing the General*, taking his train and dispersing his entire force. He has during the whole of his services in my command exhibited abilities of the highest order, having never in a single instance committed an error, and showing qualifications eminently fit for a command of any grade that may be given him.

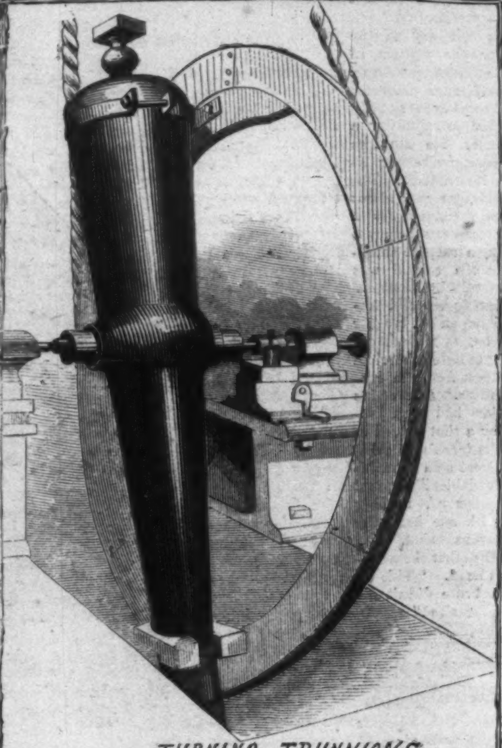
THE NAVAL BATTERY AT MANASSAS.

WE publish on page 581 an illustration of the NAVAL BATTERY AT MANASSAS, of which mention has been made in the papers. This battery is manned by sailors, commanded by ex-officers of the United States Navy; the guns are the heaviest Dahlgrens, stolen from the Norfolk Navy-yard.

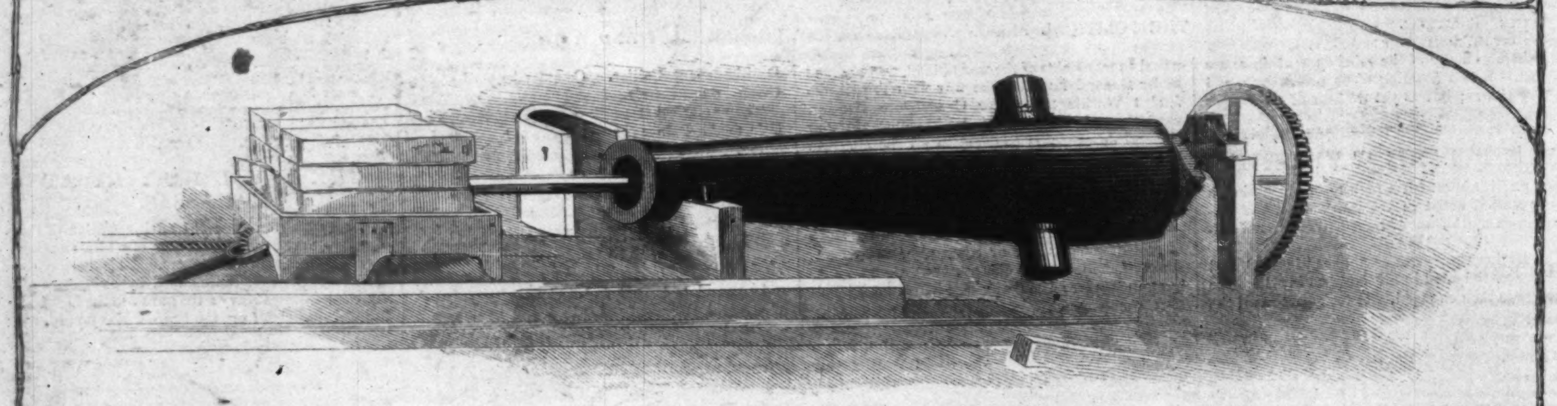
THE UNITED STATES MARINES AND MARINE BARRACKS AT WASHINGTON.



RIFLING A GUN.



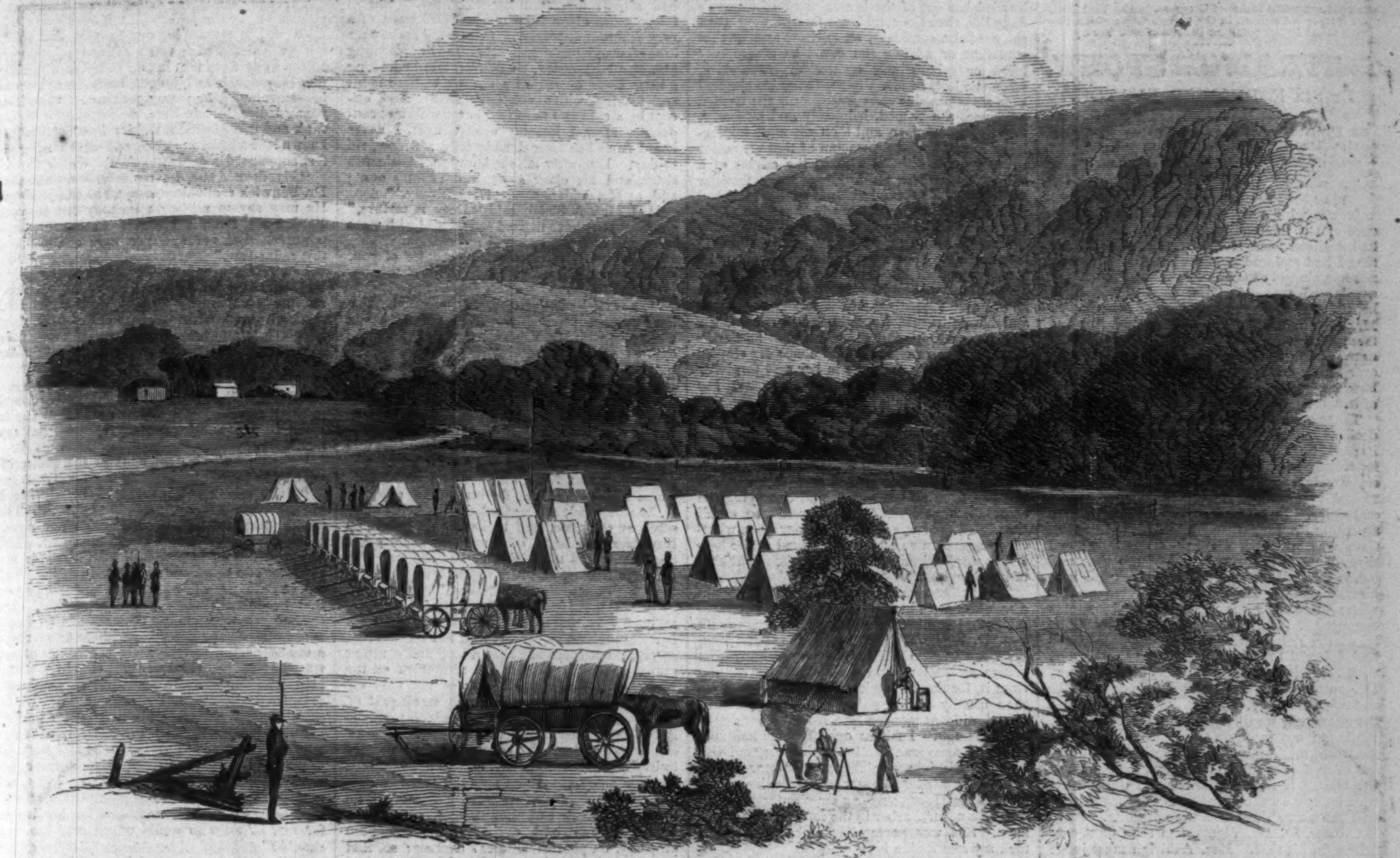
TURNING TRUNNIONS.



BORING A GUN.

MOULDING GUNS.

WEST POINT FOUNDRY—COLD SPRING.



COLONEL TYLER'S CAMP, NEAR SUMMERSVILLE, VIRGINIA, SCENE OF THE FIGHT OF AUGUST 26.—[Sketched by a Member of his Regiment.]

THE FIGHT AT SUMMERSVILLE.

We illustrate on this page the Camp occupied by Colonel Tyler, near Summersville, Virginia, where he was surprised by General Floyd on 26th ult. The *Tribune's* account of the affair was as follows:

On the 26th the Seventh Ohio Regiment, Colonel Tyler, while quietly breakfasting, their baggage train being about three miles in their rear, were suddenly surrounded, near Summersville, by a force of rebels, supposed to be commanded by General Floyd, numbering 3000 infantry, 400 cavalry, and having 10 guns. The attack on the Ohio boys was made on both flanks and in front simultaneously. After a brave fight, lasting some time, Colonel Tyler, finding the enemy too strong for him, ordered the approaching baggage train to be turned back toward Gauley Bridge. The regiment, numbering only 900 men, then fought their way out of the force that with such fearful odds hemmed them in, making terrible havoc among the rebels. The number of our killed we have not learned; the missing number 200. The loss on the side of the rebels must have been very great, as the slaughter was tremendous.

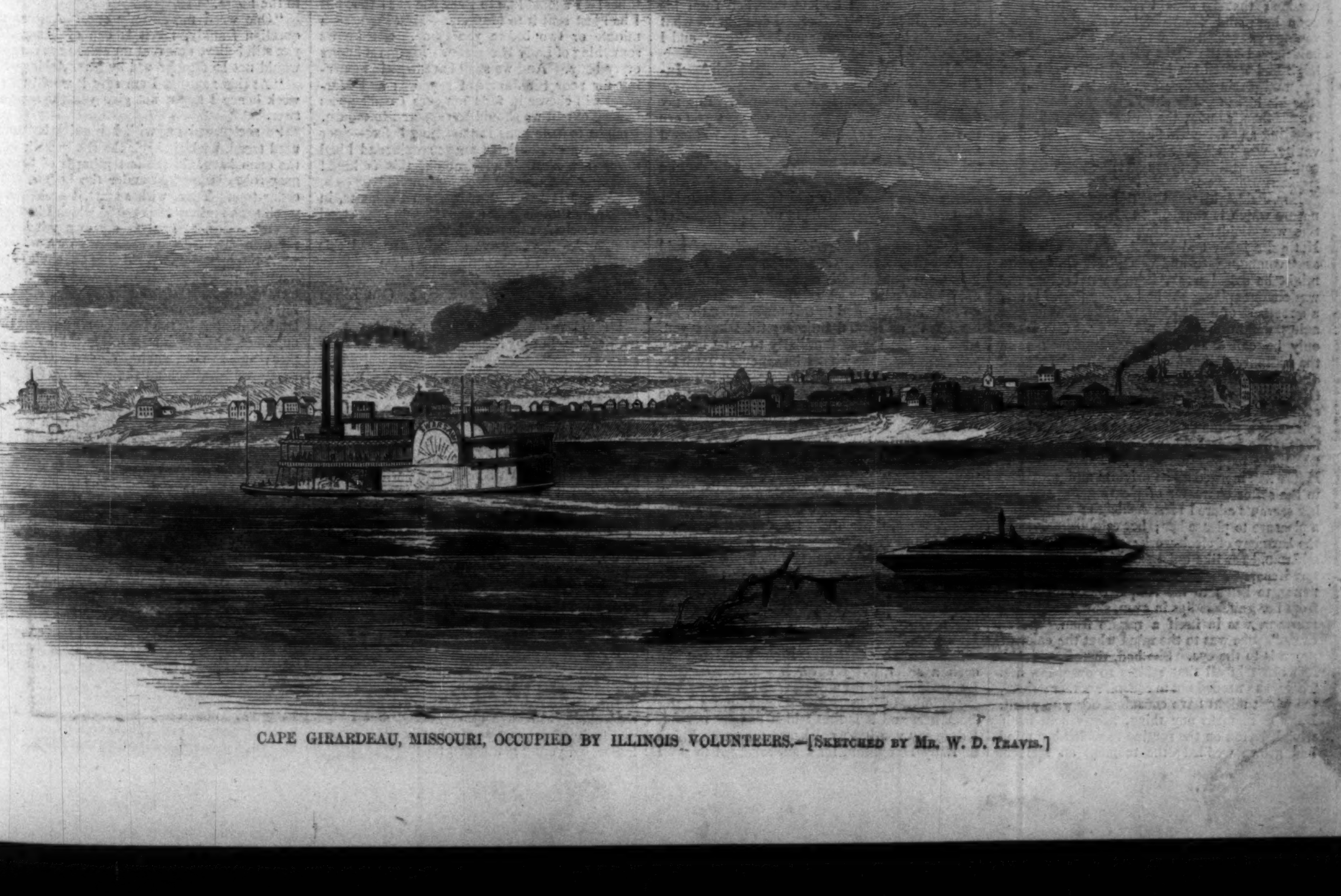
DEPARTURE OF REBEL PRISONERS FROM BALTIMORE.

We illustrate, on page 580, an occurrence which has given rise to much talk of late—we mean the Reception and Departure of Rebel Prisoners from Baltimore for Fortress Monroe. A Baltimore paper (the *Sun*) thus described the scene:

The fact having been announced that a party of Confederate soldiers, captured in Western Virginia, had reached this city, their head-quarters, the Gilmor House, was besieged early yesterday morning by persons who desired to administer to their comfort. Those of the party who were not well supplied with under-clothing were furnished, and those in more limited circumstances found plenty of gold in their pockets without knowing whence it came. They were generally well-educated and refined gentlemen, whose independence of character would forbid their acceptance of aid, but it was pressed upon them and put into their pockets without their knowledge. During the day they were visited by many ladies of the city, each of whom took with her some little present for the comfort or convenience of the soldiers. Most of them visited various sections of the city, accompanied by citizens.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the vehicles were drawn up in front of the Gilmor House to convey them to the boat for Old Point, and a large crowd of persons were present to witness their departure. When they emerged from the house the people on the street cheered, and from almost every house in the neighborhood the handkerchiefs of ladies waved from every window. As they passed down Baltimore Street a large throng at the corner of South Street gave them three cheers. From every direction the people flocked to the wharf of the boat, until several thousands were assembled, covering the wharf, the sheds, and all the vessels lying near. The soldiers took their positions on the after-part of the upper saloon deck. At half past four o'clock the lines of the *Louisiana* were cast off, and as she left the wharf three cheers were given for the departing soldiers. Some of them have friends and relatives in Baltimore, and they expressed themselves delighted at the cordial reception that greeted them on every hand.

The public have commented with more freedom than kindness upon General Dix's conduct in this matter. It is said that such celebrations strengthen secession in Baltimore, and that General Banks would never have suffered them while he was in command there.



CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI, OCCUPIED BY ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—[Sketched by Mr. W. D. Travis.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was with a wrath suppressed in the presence of the fair embassadress that Mr. Vigors had received from Mrs. Poyntz the intelligence that I had replaced Dr. Jones at Abbots' House, not less abruptly than Dr. Jones had previously supplanted me. As Mrs. Poyntz took upon herself the whole responsibility of this change, Mr. Vigors did not venture to condemn it to her face; for this austere magistrate was in his heart as much in awe of that face as Authority, however legitimate, always is afraid of the World, however erring, and declines to fly in the face of it.

To the mild Mrs. Ashleigh his anger was more decidedly manifested. He ceased from his visits; and in answer to a long and deprecatory letter with which she endeavored to soften his resentment and win him back to the house, he replied by an elaborate combination of homily and satire. He began by excusing himself from accepting her invitations on the ground that *his* time was valuable, *his* habits domestic; and though ever willing to sacrifice both time and habits where he could do good, he owed it to himself and to mankind to sacrifice neither where his advice was rejected and his opinion contemned. He glanced briefly, but not hastily, at the respect with which her late husband had deferred to his judgment, and the benefits which that deference had enabled him to bestow. He contrasted the husband's deference with the widow's contumely, and hinted at the evils which the contumely would not permit him to prevent. He could not presume to say what women of the world might think due to deceased husbands, but even women of the world generally allowed the claims of living children, and did not act with levity where their interests were concerned, still less where their lives were at stake. As to Dr. Jones, he, Mr. Vigors, had the fullest confidence in his skill. Mrs. Ashleigh must judge for herself whether Mrs. Poyntz was as good an authority upon medical science as he had no doubt she was upon shawls and ribbons. Dr. Jones was a man of caution and modesty; he did not indulge in the hollow boasts by which charlatans decoyed their dupes; but Dr. Jones had privately assured him that though the case was one that admitted of no rash experiments, he had no fear of the result if his own prudent system were persevered in. What might be the consequences of any other system Dr. Jones would not say, because he was too high-minded to express his distrust of the rival who had made use of underhand arts to supplant him. But Mr. Vigors was convinced, from other sources of information (meaning, we may presume, the oracular presence of his clairvoyants), that the time would come when the poor young lady herself would insist on discarding Dr. Fenwick, and when "that person" would appear in a very different light to many who now so fondly admired and so reverentially trusted him. When that time arrived, he, Mr. Vigors, might again be of use; but, meanwhile, though he declined to renew his intimacy at Abbots' House, or to pay unavailing visits of mere ceremony, his interest in the daughter of his old friend remained undiminished, nay, was rather increased by compassion; that he should silently keep his eye upon her; and whenever any thing to her advantage suggested itself to him, he should not be deterred by the slight with which Mrs. Ashleigh had treated his judgment from calling on her, and placing before her conscience as a mother his ideas for her child's benefit, leaving to herself then, as now, the entire responsibility of rejecting an advice which he might say, without vanity, was deemed of some value by those who could distinguish between sterling qualities and specious pretenses.

Mrs. Ashleigh's was that thoroughly womanly nature which is compelled to lean upon others. She was diffident, trustful, meek, affectionate. Not quite justly had Mrs. Poyntz described her as "commonplace and weak," for though she might be called weak, it was not because she was commonplace; she had a goodness of heart, a sweetness of disposition, to which that disparaging definition could not apply. She could only be called commonplace, inasmuch as in the ordinary daily affairs of life she had a great deal of ordinary daily commonplace good sense. Give her a routine to follow, and no routine could be better adhered to. In the allotted sphere of a woman's duties she never seemed in fault. No household, not even Mrs. Poyntz's, was more happily managed. The old Abbots' House had merged all its original antique gloom in the softer character of pleasing repose. All her servants adored Mrs. Ashleigh; all found it a pleasure to please her; her establishment had the harmony of clock-work; comfort diffused itself round her like quiet sunshine round a sheltered spot. To gaze on her pleasing countenance, to listen to the simple talk that lapsed from her guileless lips in even, slow, and lulling murmur, was in itself a respite from "eating cares." She was to the mind what the color of green is to the eye. She had, therefore, excellent sense in all that relates to everyday life. There, she needed not to consult another; there, the wisest might have consulted her with profit. But the moment any thing, however in itself trivial, jarred on the routine to which her mind had grown wedded; the moment an incident hurried her out of the beaten track of woman's daily life, then her confidence forsook her; then she needed a confidant, an adviser, and by that confidant or adviser she could be credulously lured or submissively controlled. Therefore, when she lost, in Mr. Vigors, the guide she had been accustomed to consult whenever she needed guidance, she turned, helplessly and piteously, first to Mrs. Poyntz, and then yet more imploringly to me, because a woman of that character is never quite satisfied without the advice of a man. And where an intimacy more familiar than that of his formal visits is once established with a physician, confidence in him grows fearless and rapid, as the natural result of sympathy concentred on an object of anxiety in common between himself and the home which opens its sacred recess to his observant but tender eye. Thus Mrs. Ashleigh had shown me Mr. Vigors's letter, and forgetting that I might not be as amiable as herself, besought me to counsel her how to conciliate and soften her lost husband's friend and connection. That character clothed him with dignity and awe in her soft forgiving eyes. So, smothering my own resentment, less perhaps at the tone of offensive insinuation against myself than at the arrogance with which this prejudiced intermeddler implied to a mother the necessity of his guardian watch over a child under her own care, I suggested a reply which seemed to me both dignified and placatory, abstaining from all discussion, and conveying the assurance that Mrs. Ashleigh would be at all times glad to hear, and disposed to respect, whatever suggestion so esteemed a friend of her husband's would kindly submit to her for the welfare of her daughter.

There all communication had stopped for about a month since the date of my reintroduction to Abbots' House. One afternoon I unexpectedly met Mr. Vigors at the entrance of the blind lane, I on my way to Abbots' House, and my first glance at his face told me that he was coming from it, for the expression of that face was more than usually sinister; the sullen scowl was lit into significant menace by a sneer of unmistakable triumph. I felt at once that he had succeeded in some machination against me, and with ominous misgivings quickened my steps.

I found Mrs. Ashleigh seated by herself in front of the House, under a large cedar-tree that formed a natural arbor in the centre of the sunny lawn. She was perceptibly embarrassed as I took my seat beside her.

"I hope," said I, forcing a smile, "that Mr. Vigors has not been telling you that I shall kill my patient, or that she looks much worse than she did under Dr. Jones's care?"

"No," she said. "He owned cheerfully that Lilian was grown quite strong, and said, without any displeasure, that he had heard how gay she had been; riding out and even dancing—which is very kind in him—for he disapproves dancing, on principle."

"But still, I can see he has said something to vex or annoy you; and, to judge by his countenance when I met him in the lane, I should conjecture that that something was intended to lower the confidence you so kindly repose in me."

"I assure you not; he did not mention your name, either to me or to Lilian. I never knew him more friendly; quite like old times. He is a good man at heart, Mr. Vigors, very; and was much attached to my poor husband."

"Did Mr. Ashleigh profess a very high opinion of Mr. Vigors?"

"Well, I don't quite know that, because my dear Gilbert never spoke to me much about him. Gilbert was naturally very silent. But he shrunk from all trouble—all worldly affairs—and Mr. Vigors managed his estate, and inspected his steward's books, and protected him through a long lawsuit which he had inherited from his father. It killed his father. I don't know what we should have done without Mr. Vigors, and I am so glad he has forgiven me."

"Hem! Where is Miss Ashleigh? Indoors?"

"No; somewhere in the grounds. But my dear Dr. Fenwick, do not leave me yet: you are so very, very kind; and somehow I have grown to look on you quite as an old friend. Something has happened which has put me out—quite put me out."

She said this wearily and feebly, closing her eyes as if she were indeed put out in the sense of extinguished.

"The feeling of friendship you express," said I, with earnestness, "is reciprocal. On my side it is accompanied with a peculiar gratitude. I am a lonely man, by a lonely fireside—no parents, no near kindred, and in this town, since Dr. Faber left it, no cordial intimacy till I knew you. In admitting me so familiarly to your hearth, you have given me what I have never known before since I came to man's estate—a glimpse of the happy domestic life; the charm and relief to eye, heart, and spirit which is never known but in households cheered by the face of woman: thus my sentiment for you and yours is indeed that of an old friend; and in any private confidence you show me, I feel as if I were no longer a lonely man, without kindred, without home."

Mrs. Ashleigh seemed much moved by these words, which my heart had forced from my lips, and after replying to me with simple unaffected warmth of kindness, she rose, took my arm, and continued thus as we walked slowly to and fro the lawn:

"You know, perhaps, that my poor husband left a sister, now a widow like myself, Lady Haughton."

"I remember that Mrs. Poyntz said you had such a sister, but I never heard you mention Lady Haughton till now. Well!"

"Well, Mr. Vigors has brought me a letter from her, and it is that which has put me out. I dare say you have not heard me speak before of Lady Haughton, for I am ashamed to say I had almost forgotten her existence. She is many years older than my husband was; of a very different character. Only came once to see him after our marriage. Hurt me by ridiculing him as a book-worm. Offended him by looking a little down on me, as a nobody without spirit and fashion, which was quite true. And, except by a cold and unfeeling letter of formal condolence after I lost my dear Gilbert, I never heard from her since I have been a widow, till to-day. But, after all, she is my poor husband's sister, and his elder sister, and Lilian's aunt; and, as Mr. Vigors says, 'Duty is duty.'"

Had Mrs. Ashleigh said "Duty is torture," she could not have uttered the maxim with more mournful and despondent a resignation.

"And what does this lady require of you, which Mr. Vigors deems it your duty to comply with?"

"Dear me! what penetration you have! You have guessed the exact truth. But I think you will agree with Mr. Vigors. Certainly I had no option; yes, I must do it."

"My penetration is in fault now. Do what? Pray explain?"

"Poor Lady Haughton, six months ago, lost her only son, Sir James. Mr. Vigors says he was a very fine young man, whom any mother would have been proud of; I had heard he was wild. Mr. Vigors says, however, that he was just going to reform, and marry a young lady whom his mother chose for him, when, unluckily, he would ride a steeple-chase, not being quite sober at the time, and broke his neck. Lady Haughton has been, of course, in great grief. She has retired to Brighton; and she writes to me from thence, and Mr. Vigors brings the letter. He goes back to her to-day."

"Goes back to Lady Haughton?—has been to her? What, is he then as intimate with Lady Haughton as he was with her brother?"

"No; but there has been a long and constant correspondence. She had a settlement on the Kirby estate—a sum which was not paid off during Gilbert's life; and a very small part of the property went to Sir James, which part Mr. Ashleigh Sumner, the heir-at-law to the rest of the estate, wished Mr. Vigors, as his guardian, to buy during his minority, and as it was mixed up with Lady Haughton's settlement, her consent was necessary as well as Sir James's. So there was much negotiation, and, since then, Ashleigh Sumner has come into the Haughton property, on poor Sir James's decease; so, that complicated all affairs between Mr. Vigors and Lady Haughton, and he has just been to Brighton to see her. And poor Lady Haughton, in short, wants me and Lilian to come and visit her. I don't like it at all. But you said the other day you thought sea air might be good for Lilian during the heat of the summer, and she seems well enough now for the change. What do you think?"

"She is well enough, certainly. But Brighton is not the place I would recommend for the summer; it wants shade, and is much hotter than L——."

"Yes, but unluckily Lady Haughton foresaw that objection, and she has a jointure-house some miles from Brighton, and near the sea. She says the grounds are well clothed with trees, and the place is proverbially cool and healthy, not far from St. Leonard's Forest. And, in short, I have written to say we will come. So we must, unless, indeed, you positively forbid it."

"When do you think of going?"

"Next Monday. Mr. Vigors would have me fix the day. If you knew how I hate moving when I am once settled; and I do so dread Lady Haughton, she is so fine, and so satirical. But Mr. Vigors says she is very much altered, poor thing! I should like to show you her letter, but I had just sent it to Margaret—Mrs. Poyntz—a minute or two before you came. She knows something of Lady Haughton. Margaret knows every body. And we shall have to go in mourning for poor Sir James, I suppose; and Margaret will choose it, for I am sure I can't guess to what extent we should be supposed to mourn. I ought to have gone in mourning before—poor Gilbert's nephew—but I am so stupid, and I had never seen him. And—but oh, this *is* kind! Margaret herself—my dear Margaret!"

We had just turned away from the house, in our up and down walk; and Mrs. Poyntz stood immediately fronting us.

"So, Anne, you have actually accepted this invitation—and for Monday next?"

"Yes. Did I do wrong?"

"What does Dr. Fenwick say? Can Lilian go with safety?"

I could not honestly say she might not go with safety, but my heart sunk like lead as I answered:

"Miss Ashleigh does not now need merely medical care; but more than half her cure has depended on keeping her spirits free from depression. She may miss the cheerful companionship of your own daughter, and other young ladies of her own age; a very melancholy house, saddened by a recent bereavement, without other guests; a hostess to whom she is a stranger, and whom Mrs. Ashleigh herself appears to deem formidable. Certainly these do not make that change of scene which a physician would recommend. When I spoke of sea air as good for Miss Ashleigh, I thought of our own north coasts, at a later time of the year, when I could escape myself for a few weeks, and attend her. The journey, too, would be shorter and less fatiguing; the air more invigorating."

"No doubt that would be better," said Mrs. Poyntz, dryly; "but so far as your objections to visiting Lady Haughton have been stated, they are groundless. Her house will not be melancholy; she will have other guests, and Lilian will find companions young like herself—young ladies and young gentlemen too!"

There was something ominous, something compassionate, in the look which Mrs. Poyntz cast upon me, in concluding her speech, that in itself was calculated to rouse the fears of a lover. Lilian away from me, in the house of a worldly fine lady—such as I judged Lady Haughton to be—surrounded by young gentlemen, as well as young ladies, by admirers, no doubt, of a higher rank and more brilliant fashion than she had yet known! I closed my eyes, and with strong effort suppressed a groan.

"My dear Anne, let me satisfy myself that Dr. Fenwick really does consent to this journey. He may say to me what he may not to you. Pardon me, then, if I take him aside for a few minutes. Let me find you here again under this cedar-tree."

Placing her arm in mine, and without waiting for Mrs. Ashleigh's answer, Mrs. Poyntz drew me into the more sequestered walk that belted the lawn; and, when we were out of Mrs. Ashleigh's sight and hearing, said:

"From what you have now seen of Lilian Ashleigh, do you still desire to gain her as your wife?"

"Still? Oh! with an intensity proportioned to the fear with which I now dread that she is about to pass away from my eyes—from my life!"

"Does your judgment confirm the choice of your heart? Reflect before you answer."

"Such selfish judgment as I had before I knew her would not confirm, but oppose it. The nobler judgment that now expands all my reasonings, approves and seconds my heart. No, no; do not smile so sarcastically. This is not the voice of a blind and egotistical passion. Let me explain myself if I can. I concede to you that Lilian's character is undeveloped. I concede to you that, amidst the childlike freshness and innocence of her nature, there is at times a strangeness, a mystery, which I have not yet traced to its cause. But I am certain that the intellect is organically as sound as the heart, and that intellect and heart will ultimately—if under happy auspices—blend in the felicitous union which constitutes the perfection of woman. But it is because she does, and may for years, may perhaps always, need a more devoted, thoughtful care than natures less tremulously sensitive, that my judgment sanctions my choice; for whatever is best for her is best for me. And who would watch over her as I should?"

"You have never yet spoken to Lilian as lovers speak?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"And, nevertheless, you believe that your affection would not be unreturned?"

"I thought so once—I doubt now—yet, in doubting, hope. But why do you alarm me with these questions? You, too, forebode that in this visit I may lose her forever?"

"If you fear that, tell her so, and perhaps her answer may dispel your fear."

"What, now—already, when she has scarcely known me a month! Might I not risk all if too premature?"

"There is no almanac for love. With many women love is born the moment they know they are beloved. All wisdom tells us that a moment once gone is irrevocable. Were I in your place I should feel that I approached a moment that I must not lose. I have said enough; now I shall rejoin Mrs. Ashleigh."

"Stay—tell me first what Lady Haughton's letter really contained to prompt the advice which you so transport, and yet so daunt, me when you proffer it."

"Not now—later, perhaps—not now. If you wish to see Lilian alone, she is by the old Monks' Well; I saw her seated there as I came that way to the house."

"One word more—only one. Answer this question frankly, for it is one of honor. Do you still believe now that my suit to her daughter would not be disapproved by Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"At this moment I am sure it would not; a week hence I might not give you the same answer."

So she passed on, with her quick but measured tread, back through the shady walk on to the open lawn, till the last glimpse of her pale gray robe disappeared under the boughs of the cedar-tree. Then, with a start, I broke the irresolute tremulous suspense in which I had vainly endeavored to analyze my own mind, solve my own doubts, concentrate my own will, and went the opposite way, skirting the circle of that haunted ground; as now, on one side its lofty terrace, the houses of the neighboring city came full and close into view, divided from my fairyland of life but by the trodden murmurous thoroughfare winding low beneath the ivied parapets; and as now, again, the world of men abruptly vanished behind the screening foliage of luxuriant June.

At last the enchanted glade opened out from the verdure, its borders fragrant with syringa, and rose, and woodbine; and there, by the gray memorial of the gone Gothic age, my eyes seemed to close their unquiet wanderings, resting spell-bound on that image which had become to me the incarnation of earth's bloom and youth.

She stood amidst the Past, backed by the fragments of walls which man had raised to seclude him from human passion, looking under those lids so downcast the secret of the only knowledge I asked from the boundless Future.

Ah, what mockery there is in that grand word, the world's fierce war-cry, Freedom! Who has not known one period of life, and that so solemn that its shadows may rest over all life hereafter, when one human creature has over him a sovereignty more supreme and absolute than Orient servitude adores in the symbols of diadem and sceptre? What crest so haughty that has not bowed before a hand which could exalt or humble? What heart so dauntless that has not trem-

bled to call forth the voice at whose sound ope the gates of rapture or despair? That life alone is free which rules and suffices for itself. That life we forfeit when we love!

CHAPTER XVII.

How did I utter it? By what words did my heart make itself known? I remember not. All was as a dream that falls upon a restless, feverish night, and fades away as the eyes unclose on the peace of a cloudless heaven, on the bliss of a golden sun. A new morrow seemed indeed upon the earth when I woke from a lifelong yesterday, her dear hand in mine, her sweet face bowed upon my breast.

And then there was that melodious silence in which there is no sound audible from without; yet within us there is heard a lulling celestial music, as if our whole being, made harmonious with the universe, joined from its happy deeps in the hymn that unites the stars.

In that silence our two hearts seemed to make each other understood, to be growing near and nearer, blending by mysterious concord into the completedness of a solemn union, never henceforth to be rent asunder.

At length I said, softly: "And it was here, on this spot, that I first saw you—here that I for the first time knew what power to change our world and to rule our future goes forth from the charm of a human face!"

And Lilian asked me timidly, and without lifting her eyes, how I had so seen her, reminding me that I promised to tell her, and never yet had done so.

And then I told her of the strange impulse that had led me into the grounds, and by what chance my steps had been diverted down the path that led to the glade; how suddenly her form had shone upon my eyes, gathering round itself the rose hues of the setting sun; and how wistfully those eyes had followed her own silent gaze into the distant heaven.

As I spoke her hand pressed mine eagerly, convulsively, and, raising her face from my breast, she looked at me with an intent, anxious earnestness. That look!—twice before it had thrilled and perplexed me.

"What is there in that look, oh, my Lilian, which tells me that there is something that startles you—something you wish to confide, and yet shrink from explaining? See how, already, I study the fair book from which the seal has been lifted, but as yet you must aid me to construe its language."

"If I shrink from explaining, it is only because I fear that I can not explain so as to be understood or believed. But you have a right to know the secrets of a life which you would link to your own. Turn your face aside from me; a reproving look, an incredulous smile, chill—oh! you can guess not how they chill me—when I approach that which to me is so serious and so solemnly strange."

I turned my face aside, and her voice grew firmer as, after a brief pause, she resumed:

"As far back as I can remember in my infancy, there have been moments when there seems to fall a soft, hazy veil between my sight and the things around it, thickening and deepening till it has the likeness of one of those white fleecy clouds which gather on the verge of the horizon when the air is yet still, but the winds are about to rise, and then this vapor or veil will suddenly open, as clouds open and let in the blue sky."

"Go on," I said, gently, for here she came to a stop.

She renewed, speaking somewhat more hurriedly:

"Then, in that opening, strange appearances present themselves to me, as in a vision. In my childhood these were chiefly landscapes of wonderful beauty. I could but faintly describe them then; I could not attempt to describe them now, for they are almost gone from my memory. My dear mother chid me for telling her what I saw, so I did not impress it on my mind by repeating it. As I grew up this kind of vision—if I may so call it—became much less frequent, or much less distinct; I still saw the soft veil fall, the pale cloud form and open, but often what may then have appeared was entirely forgotten when I recovered myself, waking as from a sleep. Sometimes, however, the recollection would be vivid and complete; sometimes I saw the face of my lost father; sometimes I heard his very voice, as I had seen and heard him in my early childhood, when he would let me rest for hours beside him as he mused or studied, happy to be so quietly near him—for I loved him, oh, so dearly! and I remember him so distinctly, though I was but in my sixth year when he died. Much more recently—only, indeed, within the last few months—the images of things to come are reflected on the space that I gaze into as clearly as in a glass. Thus, for weeks before I came hither, or knew that such a place existed, I saw distinctly the old House, yon trees, this sward, this moss-grown Gothic fount, and, with the sight, an impression was conveyed to me that in the scene before me my old childlike life would pass into some solemn change. So that when I came here, and recognized the picture in my vision, I took an affection for the spot; an affection not without awe; a powerful, perplexing interest, as one who feels under the influence of a fate of which a prophetic glimpse has been vouchsafed. And in that evening when you first saw me, seated here—"

"Yes, Lilian, on that evening—?"

"I saw you also, but in my vision—yonder, far in the deeps of space—and—and my heart was stirred as it had never been before; and near where your image grew out from the cloud I saw my father's face, and I heard his voice, not in my ear, but as in my heart, whispering—"

"Yes, Lilian, whispering—what?"

"These words—only these—'Ye will need one another.' But then, suddenly, between my upward eyes and the two forms they had beheld, there rose from the earth, obscuring the skies, a vague dusky vapor, undulous, and coiling like a vast serpent, nothing, indeed, of its shape and figure definite, but of its face one abrupt glare—a flash from two dread luminous eyes, and a young head, like the Medusa's, changing more rapidly than I could have drawn breath into a grinning skull. Then my terror made me bow my head, and when I raised it again all that I had seen was vanished. But the terror still remained, even when I felt my mother's arm round me and heard her voice. And then, when I entered the House and sat down again alone, the recollection of what I had seen—those eyes—that face—that skull—grew on me stronger and stronger till I fainted, and remember no more till my eyes, opening, saw you by my side, an' in my wonder there was not terror; no, a sense of joy, protection, hope, yet still shadowed by a kind of fear or awe, in recognizing the countenance which had gleamed on me from the skies before the dark vapor had risen, and while my father's voice had murmured, 'Ye will need one another.' And now—and now—will you love me less that you know a secret in my being which I have told to no other—can not construe to myself?—only—only, at least, do not mock me—do not disbelieve me. Nay, turn from me no longer now: now I ask to meet your eyes. Now, before our hands can join again, tell me that you do not despise me as untruthful, do not pity me as insane."

"Hush—hush!" I said, drawing her to my breast. "Of all you tell me we will talk hereafter. The scales of our science have no weights fine enough for the gossamer threads of a maiden's pure fancies. Enough for me—for us both—if out from all such illusions start one truth told to you, lovely child, from the heavens; told to me, ruder man, on the earth—repeated by each pulse of this heart that woos you to hear and to trust; now and henceforth, through life unto death—'Each has need of the other'—I of you—I of you! my Lilian—my Lilian!"

"THE LADIES' OWN DREAM-BOOK."

Of all those topics which it is the function of thought to investigate, there are none, perhaps, possessing a more universal interest for all mankind than those in which the unseen and immaterial world—the world of spirits, of omens, of superstitions, and dreams—becomes the subject of our speculation. Who has not been troubled by strange and inexplicable dreams? Who has not been pursued by such dreams during the day succeeding their occurrence? Who has not longed to get some means of explaining the vision by which he has been haunted? And lastly, who has not felt how invaluable would be the aid of some guide in such matters, on which profound dependence might be placed? Such a guide, confident, unerring, and authoritative, is "The Ladies' Own Dream-book."

In this precious volume the subjects on which well-regulated persons may most reasonably be expected to dream are found alphabetically arranged, so that the favored victim of nightmare, starting from his couch of suffering, has nothing to do but to light a candle, and, turning to the subject of his dream, may put himself at once out of his misery, or into it, as the case may be; for it would be useless to attempt to deny that, according to the opinion of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," there are some topics which it is by no means desirable to dream about, and which augur all sorts of impending horror to the dreamer.

The very first word in the list (adders) is an instance of the kind. Let us see what we have got to expect if we should happen to dream about adders:

Adders.—To dream of these venomous reptiles are a bad omen; they signify you have enemies who are endeavoring to do you some harm. If you are bitten by them, it signifies you will experience some misfortune; but if you destroy them, you will triumph over your enemies.

Under the head of "awning," let us see what we have:

Awning.—To dream that you are sitting under an awning is a sign that you will shortly leave this country most probably *to* Australia; if you seek this shelter on account of the heat of the sun, that you will prosper there.

The use of the word "to" in the above passage is very remarkable, and seems to imply that the dreamer will either abandon his country to be seized upon and annexed by Australia, or that he will be in such a position as to bequeath his native land as a legacy to that portion of the globe. This is, indeed, giving something like an interpretation to a dream. If such results as these are to follow all dreams upon the subject of awnings, it will surely become necessary for government to require Mr. Edgington and all other tent-makers to keep their shutters up, and not expose longer to the public eye any thing that might suggest the shade of canvas to the British dreamer. But we have not done with the letter A. Let us see what dreaming about ale-houses may be expected to bring about:

Ale-houses.—To dream that you are in an ale-house is a sure sign of sickness, especially if your dream happens about break of day.

This is a very rational interpretation; the transition being easy and obvious from the ale-house to sickness. It is impossible, too, to name a time in the twenty-four hours when the visitation is more likely to occur than at the break of day.

We come now to a very remarkable announcement indeed, the latter part of which, especially, is environed with mystery:

Abundance.—To dream of abundance shows that you will experience great prosperity; and that your future husband will be true to you; and you will have many children, who will be a blessing to you; *but if you sell any part* you will be crossed in business.

Gracious Heavens! what *does* this mean? "If you sell any part you will be crossed in business?"

Let us approach this matter in a spirit of humble inquiry. This is "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," and the lady here addressed is obviously supposed to be in business. It would be delightful to know in what branch. Is she in the chandlery line, or is it tobacco? It might be licensed victualing; but there is no end to conjecture on the subject. She is in business; she will be courted and won by an exemplary personage, who will be true to her, and by whom she will have many children; but if she sells any part she will be crossed in business. Sells any part! Any part of what? Her children obviously! "Crossed," too, in business; we have all of us heard of being crossed in love, but never, surely, in business.

Business, however, is forever in the mind of the distinguished compiler of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," which, considering the speculative subject of the work, is rather remarkable. The allusions, throughout, to business are continual, and of very high value. We have already considered this in the case of the dream on abundance; but this is only one instance among many, as shall be presently shown:

Baking.—To dream that you are baking bread is a good sign; *if you are in business*, you will most assuredly prosper; if you are in love, that your affection will be returned; but should the bread be burned, it portends assault by enemies, poverty, and various misfortunes.

Thus we see how a dream, which commences hopefully, may, by a very small change in its course, become fatal to our best wishes—the whole hinging on the question whether the loaf which we are engaged with in our dream should turn to be slack-baked or the reverse. We find "business" again alluded to in another portion of our manual, and here, also, a curious suggestion of another kind is forced upon our attention:

Cucumber.—To dream of cucumbers denotes recovery to the sick, and you will fall speedily in love; or if you are in love, you will marry the present object of your affection; *also moderate success in trade.*

Now does not a suggestion such as this open an enormous field of conjecture as to what may be done in the way of *cultivating* auspicious dreams? Let the young tradesman, for instance, who wishes to succeed in business, after reading the above, proceed straightway to get himself a gigantic cucumber. Let him spend the day in contemplating it from every conceivable point of view, and, finally, let him eat the whole of it for his supper, and immediately retire to rest. Between the intervals of indigestion the young tradesman is not unlikely to get a nap or two, in the course of which the cucumber, which is rending his entrails, may dance for a moment before his mind's eye. Once let this happen, and he is a made man. He wakes up dyspeptic, probably for life, but with a blissful consciousness that a "moderate success in trade" (and what well-regulated person desires more?) is secured to him during the remainder of his career. If, however, the young tradesman could manage to introduce an egg or two into his dream, there is no end to the prosperity which he might expect, for see what is said on this subject:

Eggs.—To dream you are buying eggs is a favorable omen; to dream you are selling eggs is also lucky; you will be happy in marriage, have many children, and do well.

There are, however, some things which we should be as careful to exclude from our sleeping thoughts as we should be to cultivate others. Let us, by all means, beware of Hares, for "to see hares is pain and agony." "Hanging," again, "indicates generally misfortunes and chagrin." "Ravens denote disaster, adultery, death, and enemies;" while if you dream that you see tailors at work you may expect treachery and deceit. "Onions" denote much suffering; and as to comets:

Comets.—To dream of comets is a sign of war, plague, famine, and death; to the lover it denotes an entire frustration of his hope; to the farmer, failure of his crop; and to the seaman, storms and shipwreck. After such a dream, change, if possible, your present place of residence.

This last piece of advice, given, as it appears to be, to persons on shipboard, seems somewhat cruel. There are many, doubtless, so situated, who would gladly follow this counsel; but where are they to go? The natural answer to the question is—overboard.

While on the subject of evil dreams, it may be well to mention that "needles are a sign of hatred; to thread a needle is inquietude;" while "to dream that you are bandy is an unlucky omen—it is a sign you will meet with many misfortunes."

Among the remarkable phenomena which strike one in perusing the pages of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," may be classed the peculiar views held by the compiler as to the subjects which people are in the habit of dreaming of. Thus we are informed that "to dream you are sitting on the top of a church denotes vain hopes." *Does* any one ever dream that he is sitting on the top of a church? Does any one ever dream of coals, which, it seems, "is a sign of riches?" It is affirmed, too, by our author, and here, once for all, attention may be called to his peculiar grammatical idiosyncrasies, that "to dig up an iron pot *is* great cares." Surely it is too much to suppose that any body ever dreams of digging up an iron pot. Did the reader, again, ever dream that he was a fool?

Foolish.—To dream you are a fool is a very favorable omen, and imports much good to the dreamer; expect to be successful in your undertakings. If a maiden dreams that she is foolish, it is a certain sign that she will soon be married to the *youth* of her affections.

But perhaps, of all the outrageous things that a lady can be expected to dream about, the most wonderfully unlikely is *her own back-bone.* Yet this contingency is thought by our sage to be worthy of especial notice:

To dream of the back-bone is a lucky omen—it denotes health and prosperity in all your undertakings; if you are in love, your sweet-heart will be faithful, and you are very near marrying; it also denotes that you will have many children, and be very happy. To dream you have *grown strong* in your back denotes that some legacy will fall to you, and that you will unexpectedly become rich; if you are in love, you will marry the object of your affections; to a man it denotes that he will shortly see the woman who is to be his wife; and to a woman, that she will soon see the man destined to be her husband, and they will become rich, and be very happy.

We will give a few more quotations from our oracle for the reader's comfort and advantage, begging, in passing, to call his attention to the patriarchal manner in which this interpreter of dreams invariably connects happiness and a large family as inseparable things:

Kittens.—To dream of kittens is a favorable dream, your marriage will be prosperous, and that you will have many children.

Drunkenness.—To dream you are drunk is loss in business but success in love; to a woman it denotes she will be beloved by a stranger; and to a man it denotes that he is beloved by a woman whom he does not at present think of.

Fingers.—If you dream you have cut your fingers, if they bleed, a good omen; you will be successful in love and get money when you least expect it; if you dream they do not bleed, then it denotes damage by a variety of accidents, and that lawsuits will attend you.

Organ.—Betokens prosperity: to play, an unsettled life; to hear it play many tunes, that you will be happy; discordant, misfortunes.

Riding.—To dream you ride with a company of men is very lucky and profitable, but with women it signifies misfortune and deceit.

Shaving.—To dream you are shaved denotes disappointment and crosses.

Teeth.—To dream your teeth fall out is good; to put them in, unlucky; to break them, vexation; decayed or hollow are good friends; good teeth, troubles and sorrow; short teeth, prosperity.

Aunt.—To dream of this relation is a happy omen, provided she is not angry with you; but if she frowns on you, you must expect to meet with some misfortune.

Uncle.—To dream you see your uncle, depends in a great measure upon the temper you see him in; if looking *favorable* upon you, it is a good dream; if on the contrary, you will have many trials to overcome.

We will now leave this portion of the interesting volume we have been considering, with one word of expostulation. Under the word "beheading," we find that "to dream you see any one beheaded" denotes, among other things, "that *if you are in prison* you will speedily gain your liberty." The insertion of this clause seems to have been an ill-considered proceeding, calculated to shake the reader's confidence. For, a work of reference intended to meet the exigencies of "ladies" who are committed for fourteen days to the House of Correction is scarcely calculated to find favor with the general public.

The concluding portion of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book" is devoted to matters of even greater importance than those we have been already engaged with. Arrived at his last page, the author, from having been simply an interpreter of dreams, launches forth into a wider and deeper field, and displaying before his disciples the black mirror of Destiny, bids them take courage and behold. The Book of Fate is printed on a single page, and shall be given entire, for the benefit of those who are not afraid of a few home-truths.

Reader! On what day wert thou born? Peruse this page and tremble.

Concerning Children born on any day of the Week.

Sunday.—The child born on a Sunday will obtain great riches and be long-lived and happy.

Monday.—Not very successful, irresolute, subject to be imposed on, good-natured, and willing to do every thing in his power (nice fellow).

Tuesday.—The person born will be subject to violent starts of passion and not easily reconciled; and he will be in danger of dying by violence if he does not put a constraint upon his inclinations.

Wednesday.—He will be given to study, *and excel in literature.* (Evidently the natal day of the author of the Book of Fate.)

Thursday.—The child born will attain great riches and honor.

Friday.—The child will be of a strong constitution and amorous.

Saturday.—Is an unlucky day, but the child may come to good, though they are in general of an evil disposition.

Signs of a Generous, Civil, and Courteous Person.

1. The forehead large, fleshy, plain, and smooth.
2. The eyes moist and shining.
3. The countenance expressive of joy or content.
4. The voice pleasant.
5. The motion of the body slow, etc.

Signs of a Churlish, Rough-hewn, and Ill-natured Person.

1. The form of the body both meagre and lean.
2. The forehead cloudy, sullen, and wrinkled.
3. The eyes cast down and malicious.
4. A nimble tongue.
5. Walking a short, quick, and uneven pace.
6. Secret murmuring to himself as he walks.

The reader now knows the worst. He knows that if he were born on a Monday, a Tuesday, or a Saturday, he is in a rather bad way. He knows, by close observation of himself, whether he is a civil and courteous, or a churlish and *rough-hewn* person, though perhaps this last epithet may puzzle him a little. He knows that if he has "a nimble tongue" he had better hold it; that he must beware of a short, quick step in taking his constitutional; and that he must not enl[illegible] on his walk by "muttering to himself." He must cultivate, moreover, a *fleshy* forehead and a moist eye, a "slow motion of the body, etc.," though what peculiar quality this same "etc." may indicate is less clearly shown than might be wished. And so we take our leave of this awful volume, heartily wishing the reader a fleshy forehead, a moist eye, and pleasant dreams about his or her back-bone.

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